

**Translation and war:**

**Steinbeck's *The moon is down* and *Natt uten måne***

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## Abstract

Translation aids the dissemination of desired narratives and can in that respect be an integral part of the institution of war. John Steinbeck's *The moon is down* (1942) was written to support Allied interests, translated immediately upon publication into the languages of occupied Europe, including Norwegian, in order to boost morale, and distributed illegally in Nazi-occupied Norway as *Natt uten måne* on the orders of the exiled Norwegian authorities. The novel about an occupied country is thus translated back into the culture and the geopolitical situation it by implicature portrays, by an embedded translator who has strengthened the implicatures to ensure identification among Norwegian readers, particularly through the use of linguistic remainders that access concepts of historic national value. The originally balanced and humanistic portrait of characters from both sides of the conflict has been polarised along the conflict lines to conform to wartime national stereotypes. Stylistically, the target text exhibits characteristic language patterns that strengthen the polarised portraits of *us* and *them*, emphasise the horror of invasion and occupation, and make more explicit the fiction's instructions for sabotage against vital installations and infrastructure.

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# Introduction

## Text, war and translation

During moments when clear explanations of purpose and significance seem especially unavailable [...] demotic social narrative and prophecy flourish as compensations. During wartime there seems less need for high narrative, like sophisticated romance or novel, than low.<sup>1</sup>

A country can never be militarily defeated if it is morally victorious, and democracy will triumph in the end – John Steinbeck did not exactly pull his punches when he created *The Moon is Down*. The novel was written as propaganda, from a well-documented wish to contribute to the war effort. His intention is openly propagandistic, the novel's place in the underground resistance history in occupied countries is not a case of misappropriating a literary work for political purposes. Steinbeck worked for the US precursors of the CIA, namely the Office of Coordinator of Information (COI) and the Office of Strategic Services (OSS), during the first years of the Second World War, and discussed with his boss there the possibility of writing something that might actually help the war effort.<sup>2</sup> It was published in March 1942 to very mixed reviews, from all-out praise in the *New York Times* to severe criticism in the *New Yorker*,<sup>3</sup> but enjoyed commercial success both as a novel, on stage and on screen, and was immediately translated into the languages of many of the German-occupied countries – French, Dutch, Danish and Norwegian, to name just a few. The Norwegian translation, *Natt uten måne* (literally, night without moon), is the focus of this analysis, which aims to show how the ongoing conflict shaped the direction of the translation, what translational strategies and patterns emerge in the target text, and the ways in which the translated text deviates from the original source text in both aim and execution.<sup>4</sup>

The Norwegian translation was commissioned by the Press Division of the Norwegian Legation in Stockholm, i.e. by the Norwegian diplomatic authorities. It was in essence commissioned as an instrument of war, a weapon, in a sense, and is in this respect more

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<sup>1</sup> Paul Fussell, *Wartime: understanding and behavior in the Second World War* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1989), p 35.

<sup>2</sup> Donald V Coers, *John Steinbeck goes to war: The moon is down as propaganda* (Tuscaloosa: University of Alabama Press, 1991), pp 7-12

<sup>3</sup> Coers in his first chapter gives a very interesting and detailed account of the American reception of the novel.

<sup>4</sup> To further attest to the popularity of the text in translation, it is worth noting that both a French and a German version were found in neutral Switzerland, and equally neutral Sweden had its own Swedish translation and a play version by 1943, in addition to being able to read the Norwegian translation intended for clandestine distribution. Two Russian-language editions were serialized in 1943, the same year as the Chinese edition appeared even further to the east. Interestingly, the novel was even a success in one of the original Axis powers, as the first of three regular (i.e. not clandestine) Italian editions appeared in 1944. Coers, *John Steinbeck goes to war*, pp 115-122

clearly than most an “instrumental translation” in the sense of being “an instrument in a new TC [target culture] communicative action, in which a TC receiver receives an offer of information for which the ST [source text] provides the material”<sup>5</sup>. The ST “offer of information” was already a text with a purpose; what remained was to tailor it for the specific “communicative action” of appealing to a reading nation to be strong enough and resourceful enough, both mentally and physically, to resist occupation by a foreign military power. The translator, Nils Lie, had been chief consultant at Gyldendal publishing house in Oslo, and resigned from his position there in 1942 due to the nazification of the publishing house.<sup>6</sup> In other words, he had lived in occupied Norway for two years before translating *The moon is down*. He was associated with the Press Division of the Legation in Stockholm and preparing to leave for London, when the Legation needed a translator for Steinbeck’s novel. The resulting Norwegian translation, *Natt uten måne*, was not officially published in Norway during the war, but was printed in Sweden and smuggled into Norway already in the autumn of 1942 and distributed illegally. The clandestine translation was first confiscated in Norway by the Germans on 11 December, 1942, when occupation had already taken a hard toll on the population, and it is safe to assume that this was not the first shipment. The text was reaching Norway at a time when “books by writers hostile to the Nazis or otherwise undesirable had been removed from the shelves of Oslo’s public library”<sup>7</sup>, and when Harald Grieg, since 1925 the head of Steinbeck’s usual publishers, Gyldendal, had been imprisoned. It enjoyed immense popularity and very probably did exactly what Steinbeck intended with his novel: to strengthen the morale in the countries that were into their second and third year of occupation by German forces. Lie reviewed his translation after the war, and then it was republished with only minor alterations. This republished text is the one we know today and the basis for the present analysis.

Though the country described in the novel is nameless, it has at all times been read as a portrait of Norway in 1940. To illustrate that, as well as hint at the novel’s continued relevance, we need just look at two examples, 60 years apart: one of the many illegal Danish

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<sup>5</sup> As opposed to documentary translation, which aims to document the source text exchange in the target language. Christiane Nord, *Text analysis in translation: theory, methodology, and didactic application of a model for translation-oriented text analysis*, 2nd ed (Amsterdam: Rodopi, 2005), p 80

<sup>6</sup> The information concerning the translator and the Norwegian edition is taken from Coers, *John Steinbeck goes to war*, p 32 ff, and *Store norske leksikon*, [http://www.snl.no/nbl/biografi/Nils\\_Lie/utdypning](http://www.snl.no/nbl/biografi/Nils_Lie/utdypning), accessed March 28, 2010

<sup>7</sup> Coers, *John Steinbeck goes to war*, p 35. For a list of the books that were confiscated from libraries, see *Beslaglagte bøker: liste over de bøker, forfattere og forlag som var forbud under krigen. Stilt til rådighet av Statens Bibliotektilsyn* (Oslo: Biblioteksentralen, 1995). This document of course does not include *Natt uten måne*, since no regularly published edition existed during the war.

editions, from 1944, *Maanen har gaaet ned*, is subtitled *roman fra felttoget i Norge*<sup>8</sup>, whereas a 2004 article, “Iraq: the moon is down, again!”<sup>9</sup>, takes as its starting point the “story of a German invasion of a small town in Norway in 1940” to illustrate its points about “the integral interaction between occupiers and those being occupied” in relation to the American involvement in Iraq. It is therefore necessary to take a closer look at how this implicature works in the original, in order to arrive at a starting point for an analysis of the translation into Norwegian for a “home audience”.<sup>10</sup>

Steinbeck’s unnamed country serves a specific purpose, just as do his nationality-less occupation force: they are non-specific means to a very specific end. He may have used Norway as his model, but we must also accept that he “translates” Norway-under-German-occupation – an idea more than an actual country at an actual time – into English for the purpose of dissemination (in original, but more importantly, in translation) across wartorn Europe and beyond. But the individual translation has no such universal aim. On the other side of the Atlantic in Nazi-occupied Europe, rather than just translating a novel into another (foreign) language, Nils Lie to a certain extent “back-translates”. His job is, I would argue, qualitatively different from that of all the other translators, of both clandestine and open editions – into Danish, into Dutch, into French, into Russian and Chinese. He shifts Steinbeck’s Norway-as-exemplum, as moral anecdote, and Norway-as-seen-from-outside, back into its native setting, to be read by Norwegians, from “the inside”. Furthermore, he does this under dramatic circumstances – he, like everyone else in the distribution line, is a man with a mission.

In his seminal *Descriptive translation studies and beyond* Gideon Toury analyses a German story translated into Hebrew in order to demonstrate

- (a) that decisions made by an individual translator while translating a single text are far from erratic. Rather, even though by no means all-embracing, they tend to be highly *patterned*;
- (b) that the observed regularities of behaviour can be attributed to some *governing*

<sup>8</sup> Literally, “novel from the campaign in Norway”. *Maanen har gaaet ned: roman fra felttoget i Norge* (København: Frit Nordisk Forlag, 1944). “Den første illegale udgave af John Steinbecks roman om modstandskampen i Norge udkom i efteråret 1942. Siden fulgte utallige andre illegale udgaver. I Det kongelige Biblioteks samling er der 24, og der kan sagtens have været flere. Der er ingen tvivl om, at Steinbecks lille roman er besættelsestidens illegale sællert. Når det gjaldt den litterære kvalitet, var hverken de illegale forlag eller deres læsere kræsnere. Steinbecks roman var bestilt arbejde.” *Frit Nordisk Forlag, et helt kompleks av illegale publikasjoner (1)*, Det Kongelige Bibliotek, København, <http://www.kb.dk/da/nb/tema/webudstillinger/illegale/24/index.html>, site accessed April 10, 2010.

<sup>9</sup> William Marina, “Iraq: the moon is down, again!”, <http://www.independent.org/newsroom/article.asp?id=1291>, 23 April, 2004; accessed 22 June, 2007

<sup>10</sup> As for its continued relevance, it is worth mentioning that the novel has been a set text for cadets at the Norwegian Military Academy for at least a generation.

*principles;*

(c) that the strongest of these principles originate in the *target* system itself, the one where – semiotically speaking – the act of translation is initiated and whose needs it is designed to satisfy.<sup>11</sup>

It is the “observed regularities” and the “governing principles” behind them that are the focus of this analysis of *Natt uten måne*. The focus is on how a translation is shaped by being a product of conflict, created with the specific purpose of entering the conflict on one side and influencing its outcome. My analysis will show a clearly politicised translation, where the patterned solutions I identify fall into a number of recognisable categories. These categories are:

1. *Remainders*, in Lawrence Venuti’s term. Venuti defines as a remainder whatever the translator does that goes beyond the purely and neutrally lexicographically equivalent – what in this case makes the target text more “Norwegian” than the source text. Remainders stand out as reinforced links from the target text to its target culture through elements from “substandard or minor formations: regional or group dialects, jargons, clichés and slogans, stylistic innovations, archaisms, neologisms”.<sup>12</sup> In view of the novel’s being in a sense “doubly translated” – “Norway” into English fiction, and then that fiction into Norwegian – I will analyse both source culture (US American) remainders and target culture (Norwegian) remainders, with the main emphasis on the latter.
2. *Polarised characterisation*, a tendency in the translation for the inhabitants of the occupied town to appear more heroic, stronger and generally in a more positive light than in the original text, while the opposite is the case for the portrait of the occupying forces.
3. Patterned stylistic preferences, which I have subcategorized as *semantic shifts*, *repetition*, and *doubling*, the latter in the form of binomials and explicit ting conjoined expressions where the original only employed one simple term.

All of these will be analysed in separate chapters, and linked to the overall purpose of the translation.

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<sup>11</sup>Gideon Toury, *Descriptive translation studies and beyond* (Amsterdam/Philadelphia: John Benjamins, 1995), p 147

<sup>12</sup> Lawrence Venuti, “Translation, community, utopia”, in Lawrence Venuti (ed), *The Translation Studies Reader*, 2nd edition (New York: Routledge, 2004), p 484

## The novel and its “Norway”

On a peaceful morning, a small coastal town in a small northern country is taken completely by surprise and out of the blue finds itself occupied by a well organized and militarily superior power. Steinbeck uses the phenomenon of occupation as well as stereotypical images of a country that is never called Norway and of occupying forces that are not openly identified as Germans. He draws a slightly naïvistic but doubtlessly inspiring picture of the impossibility of conquering the human spirit, and of the human capacity for resistance against oppression – territory may be occupied, but the mind of free men may not. The text is most flagrantly inspirational and propagandistic in its descriptions of “free men” and “herd men”. However, where the original text is most impressive is in my opinion in its depiction of the less heroic sides of an occupied population, and in the sympathetic portrayal of the invasion forces as consisting of individual human beings. The native population’s lack of rationality, its often muddled motivations, its confusion, and its initial inertia all add more nuances than are often found in propagandistic texts. It is not political consciousness that governs the majority of the town population, but rather the personal discomforts of being governed by a regime you never chose – either as a personal choice or in a democratic election like the one that brought to power one of the novel’s protagonists, Mayor Orden. Interestingly, these features are played down in the translation, as we shall see, in favour of a more polarised picture.

Steinbeck’s original setting for his novel was smalltown USA, but this was construed as detrimental to the morale on the home front.<sup>13</sup> Not only was it unimaginable that the country would ever be facing occupation of its territory, but neither the inhabitants of his original little town – perceived as downright un-American in their initial passivity – nor his non-monstrous occupants passed muster. Also, as has been pointed out, “in unbombed America especially, the meaning of the war seemed inaccessible”.<sup>14</sup> The published text is set in a nameless town in a nameless country with a coastline, mountains, mines, dark and snowy winters, a functioning democracy, a taciturn and independent people and an unprepared and ridiculously small defence force that hardly has time to react before the occupation is a fact. But “Norway under German occupation” remains an implicature in the original text; strongly implied, indeed, but never unequivocally identified. Locking the text to a place and time has the disadvantage of weakening its claims to general truths about human nature, and even the Norwegian edition does not go as far as to name the country and the invaders. Still,

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<sup>13</sup> Coers, *John Steinbeck goes to war*, pp 8-10.

<sup>14</sup> Paul Fussell, *Wartime: understanding and behavior in the Second World War* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1989), p 268



Norwegian readers both during and after the war have felt strongly that it was a novel about them.<sup>15</sup> How, then, is a national culture recoverable in text when neither country nor town nor invading power is named; and when personal names are anodyne "internationalisms" with little power of identification? What may be done with the factors that allow readers of the original to connect the dots and recognise the metonymies, when they are translated back into the linguistic, cultural and historical space from which they were taken?

A lot of impact may be created through incorporating salient geographical features; Steinbeck gives his country access to the sea, high hills and cliffs, small towns with docks and with fish hung out to dry, and physical and mental distance from centre to periphery (from the capital, which is only mentioned as a centre of power, to the little town where the action takes place). Its infrastructure corresponds to these implied Norwegian features – railway lines through difficult terrain; the sea as source of food, recreation and transport; and even coal mines. He gives it a climate with cold and snowy winters, and darkness from "three o'clock in the afternoon". The population is small with scattered population patterns, and the people almost parodically taciturn and slightly naïve. It has little experience of war, having not been at war for a very long time.

Based on the above, "Norway" is no big leap. But all of the features mentioned above are general and non-topical, in the sense of not anchoring the text to a particular point in time and current affairs. However, the text is also steeped in the historical here-and-now. The town crucially sports its own resident traitor, a proto-Quisling, preparing the scene for an invasion with minimum casualties. The invaders' arrival by sea constitutes a total surprise for this town (and by extension the country), given the total lack of military preparation and the ludicrously small and unprepared "army" (12 local soldiers, of which three are killed, three captured and three escape to the hills). Not too far, in other words, from the historical truth in Norway in April of 1940. The initial resistance of the minimal army is easily curbed, but the civilian population then gradually emerges from its stunned state to develop a "private" resistance. This starts out as go-slows in the mine and a general refusal to interact with the occupant beyond a bare minimum, and grows into minor acts of sabotage and increasing violence against the occupant, followed by harsh and often random retaliation. Escapes by sea as well as air drops of materiel for a budding resistance movement are in place towards the end of the story.

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<sup>15</sup> Coers, *John Steinbeck goes to war*, p 48-49

One of the most interesting questions when I first started studying the Norwegian translation after having taught the original text for years was whether there were differences in "degree of Norwegian-ness" between Steinbeck's text and *Natt uten måne*. Neither text names the country. Nevertheless, while one of them aims for a genuine general appeal to any occupied people, the other targets Norwegians specifically and with pressing real-life concerns, and would conceivably, given the situation, aim to be more nationalistic and patriotic in its appeal. Lawrence Venuti asked the very pertinent question whether a translation "[can] ever communicate to its readers the understanding of the foreign language that the foreign readers have". His own answer was

Yes, I want to argue, but this communication will always be partial, both incomplete and inevitably slanted towards the domestic scene.<sup>16</sup>

In the present case, it is current events that drive both the primary creative process and the translation. That and the fact that the text is brought "home" to Norway implies that a potentially pronounced slanting towards the domestic scene could be construed as making the text *more* authentic, not less – its authentic setting, once the implicature "Norway" is unpacked, lies in the target language, not in the source language. If the answer to my question above is yes, and I am convinced that it is, then it begs another set of questions: where the differences are located in the textual web, whether there is a pattern to these differences, how consistent they are, and what this does to the effectiveness of the text both as literature and as propaganda. A strong domesticating impulse – an adaptation to the intended readership – may deprive a text of key characteristics in terms of language and style, and risks reducing its power to appeal to its readers. And there lies a double appeal to the reader in the original text: not to lose faith and crumble under occupation, but also not to let war blind them to general, shared human qualities. It may be argued that this last aspect had to be subordinate to the very real and pressing concerns of its day, but the fact remains that it was there in Steinbeck's text. Whatever answers we find to these questions, all available evidence points in one direction: the Norwegian audience of 1942-45 did indeed see itself in the novel, and was inspired by what it saw.

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<sup>16</sup> Lawrence Venuti, "Translation, community, utopia", p 487

## Organisation of chapters

Steinbeck's "Norwegian-ness" is presented as English-language fiction and then translated into Norwegian, for a readership where a comparatively stronger sense of recognition and identification would be crucial for the novel to fulfil its purpose. The Norwegian text when it appeared in 1942 had to be specific enough for its audience to accept its portrayal of themselves as well as the validity of its arguments, to a degree that allowed them to be influenced by it in the way that is intended: as an inspiration and a motivation to the readers to resist German occupation. Norwegian remainders go a long way towards that. *Chapter 1* will show how vital the use of Norwegian remainders is for the text to accomplish its mission, and also present an account of the American remainders.

Further, I aim to show how the historical and political situation surrounding the 1942 translation influenced the translation in the direction of a polarised portrait of both occupants and the occupied population. This will be demonstrated in detail in *Chapter 2*, which deals with the ways in which character drawing is affected in the process of translating this conflict-filled narrative specifically for the benefit one of the parties in the conflict.

*Chapter 3* investigates how of translational decisions identified in *Natt uten måne* fall into patterns of style that can be seen as underpinning the direction and aim of the translation project. A Norwegian retranslation of *The moon is down* today would have a different aim and a very different target audience; depending on the purpose of having it retranslated and published, its solutions might be different on many points, as we shall see in *chapter 4* of this thesis. In compliance with the requirements for the master thesis, this chapter offers a retranslation of certain portions of the text, for a Norwegian audience of 2010.

It is essential to bear in mind that Steinbeck's text was originally translated before it had an established interpretation and a conventionalised reading – but also, more importantly, before we had an established reading of the war itself and the experience of Norway in the period 1940-45. The texts, both original and translation, came about *in medias res*, whereas we have the privilege of analysing both the texts and their link to historical circumstances in peaceful retrospect. That ought perhaps to make us just a tiny bit humble in our judgements.

## Chapter 1

### Found in translation: Textual remainders

Translation is always ideological because it releases a domestic remainder, an inscription of values, beliefs, and representations linked to historical moments and social positions in the receiving culture. In serving domestic interests, a translation provides an ideological resolution for the linguistic and cultural differences of the foreign text.<sup>17</sup>

Translation is an exercise in intercultural communication. In the middle of a world war, Steinbeck, from his position on another continent, and with his English-language background, has metonymically “translated” Norway-under-German-occupation into English fiction. Then, this English text is translated into Norwegian for clandestine distribution in Norway. In other words, the text appears to return to its barely anonymised roots, and to a target audience that is identical with the most conventional reading of its setting. The language, culture and time frame of the novel’s universe would in its Norwegian translation coincide with that of the target audience for the first three years of the translation’s existence, which is not true for any other readership in any other occupied country or at any other time. This creates some interesting mirror effects, and provides many unusual perspectives on this particular novel as well as on translation, not least of cultural phenomena which are anchored so firmly in time, space and language.

The Norwegian wartime translation of *The moon is down* strengthens the implicatures of “Norway” further, and for good reason. Added domesticity means added powers of identification, which again means a greater chance of fulfilling its purpose. For although there is a similar functionalist objective behind both source text and target text, namely to boost morale, only the target text really needs a specific focus on also inspiring *actual* resistance against *actual* occupation. In the source text and for an English-speaking audience, whether or not a specific country is recognised – i.e. whether the implicatures are explicated to the point of linking them to one particular country – is in fact almost irrelevant, and the country can in principle remain indeterminate. In the clandestine Norwegian edition, as will be demonstrated below, choices are made that aid the explication – “the inference or series of inferences that enrich the under-determined form produced by the speaker to a full propositional form”<sup>18</sup> –

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<sup>17</sup> Venuti, “Translation, community, utopia”, p 498

<sup>18</sup> Peter Grundy, *Doing Pragmatics*, 2nd ed (London: Hodder Arnold, 2000), p 103

through choosing “overly Norwegian” solutions over more neutral expressions where both could be said to be acceptable.

This chapter will present a background for the *remainder* concept as a valid and fruitful parameter in translation studies, before going on to an analysis of examples from the text. There are, as my analysis will show, American remainders in the original text in addition to the Norwegian remainders in the translation. Both groups of remainders display patterns that will be dealt with systematically below, and they take their remainders from the areas of popular culture and names, for the English source text; and geography, climate, children’s games, and historical circumstances (topical remainders), for the Norwegian translation. In addition to the systematic analysis of the different source domains for remainders, I will also discuss the way the Norwegian remainders may be said to contribute to the creation of a more politicised text in *Natt uten måne*.

## Remainders

A translational remainder is found where a translator goes beyond the neutrally equivalent to elements from “substandard or minor formations: regional or group dialects, jargons, clichés and slogans, stylistic innovations, archaisms, neologisms”.<sup>19</sup> Remainders imprint the text with an added domesticity. They are more likely to be motivated by literary and cultural purposes than a search for equivalence, in their inscription of source-language domestic history and culture into the foreign text. Gideon Toury talks about translations in terms of their *adequacy* and *acceptability*, in the sense that

“adherence to source text norms determines a translation’s adequacy as compared to the source text, subscription to norms originating in the target culture determines its acceptability”.<sup>20</sup>

In that very useful framework, a remainder may be said to be either more or less adequate if measured against the source text, but a remainder is always “more than acceptable”, it a textual over-compensation. It is a choice that will also always show the translator’s refusal to stop at what is sufficient, instead aiming for what is markedly more domesticated. Venuti in a discussion of the concept says that remainders “exceed communication of a univocal meaning and instead draw attention to the conditions of the communicative act”,<sup>21</sup> in terms of

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<sup>19</sup> Venuti, “Translation, community, utopia”, p 484

<sup>20</sup> Gideon Toury, *Descriptive translation studies and beyond* (Amsterdam/Philadelphia: John Benjamins, 1995), p 57.

<sup>21</sup> Venuti, “Translation, community, utopia”, p 485

language and culture as well as politics. It soon becomes clear from analysing remainders found in *Natt uten måne* that they conform to a clearly identifiable pattern of politicising the Norwegian text, in the sense of emphasising national independence and belonging, as opposed to oppression and foreignness. I will demonstrate this below. Simultaneously, politicised remainders are not the only ones. My analysis will also consider remainders that create not so much an exaggeratedly politicised landscape as an increased intimacy with the text for a Norwegian reader.

The way I have employed the idea of textual remainders expands Venuti's concept. He did not analyse the *original* text from such a perspective, only the translation. The non-literary referential and historical context is more important in our case than in most others, given the intention behind both original, translation and distribution. My idea is that both source text and target text may therefore seek to avoid anything that would expose them to allegations of "mistakes" in the literary depiction and thus weaken the real-world power of the text. Propaganda behaves more like commercials than like literary fiction in general, since it needs to be target-audience acceptable and non-alienating to a higher degree, and may thus only challenge the reader in ways that do not make them turn away from its message. Therefore, there is a good point in not retaining elements in the translation that too strongly identify the text as either foreign or fictional.

Not all domestication falls under the category of translational remainder. In *Natt uten måne*, many cases are simply domestications of an original American remainder, if we accept this use of the term, namely what Steinbeck unconsciously over-Americanised in his "translation" of "Norway-under-occupation" in the English original text. Domestication for equivalence is a question of creating a text that works, whereas the Norwegian remainders are much more conspicuous, and as will be demonstrated, they can be traced back to the superordinate political purpose of the translation.

The overall purpose of the translation has governed the choice of remainders that has gone into it. To exemplify this, and also the difference between ordinary domesticated solutions and solutions with Norwegian remainders, it is instructive to look at the following passage describing the air-drops of dynamite sticks, which enables the population to carry out acts of sabotage to installations and infrastructure, as an element in the process of establishing a local resistance movement. When in the source text "the tiny parachutes floated like thistledown" (89) the simile is beautiful and eerie, but the thistledown would in a direct translation not find fertile ground in the mind of the Norwegian reader. Air-dropped dynamite sticks are not in themselves floaty and feathery, but with a parachute they can be – and more

importantly, they are unacceptable in Norwegian if they descend in a way that compares them to parts of a plant that is simply not that common in Norway. Norwegian has no name for “the mass of feathery plumed seeds produced by a thistle”<sup>22</sup>; the soft and downy material protecting the thistle seed and allowing it to be transported by the wind. But we have dandelions galore, so although the word is a neologism in Norwegian, “løvetannfnugg” (102) is descriptively and connotatively accurate. It conjures up the lightness and random spreading with the wind of the little blue parachutes that are dropped from the planes. At the same time, it retains the jarring though poetically effective image produced by comparing dynamite – which is man-made and destruction-spreading – with flower seeds, a life-giving and almost pastoral element of the natural world. Also, both the thistle and the dandelion are hardy and near-indestructible, and thus point to qualities that will be demanded of Norwegians in order to come out victorious in the battle against their oppressors. This is domestication, and it works beautifully, but it is *not* a remainder; the dandelion is not a marked solution with particular properties that makes it useful beyond mere adequacy and acceptability. Using dandelion to represent thistle does not make the text more politically loaded, more patriotic or more acceptable to a target audience, which as we shall see below is what the remainders in this text do.

## Norwegian remainders

### Politicised remainders

To encourage resistance against what is new and foreign, it is necessary to appeal to what is firmly grounded in national history and national identity. Let us look at an example from the very first paragraph of the novel:

The local troops, all twelve of them, had been away, too, on this Sunday morning, for Mr. Corell, the popular storekeeper, had donated lunch, targets, cartridges, and prizes for a *shooting competition* to take place six miles back in the hills, in a lovely *glade* Mr. Corell owned.(1)

Den lokale garnisonen, tolv mann i alt, hadde også vært ute av byen denne søndag formiddag, for mr. Corell, den populære kjøpmannen, hadde forært lunsj, skyteskiver, patroner og premier til et *skytterstevne* som skulle finne sted en mils vei oppe i åsene på en idyllisk *setervoll* som mr. Corell eide. (5)  
(My emphases)

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<sup>22</sup> Collins English Dictionary, <http://www.collinslanguage.com/results.aspx>

It is interesting to perform a two-way comparison of the original with, on the one hand, an adequate and acceptable translation, and, on the other, the actual choice in the published text, which is what Venuti does in his article. He demonstrates how the remainders released in some of the translations he examines fail to convey those cultural resonances that were necessary to evoke the original setting. Thus, the remainders he examined seemed to defamiliarize the text, whereas in our case, this same defamiliarization – away from the American-inscribed original – are precisely what makes the text potentially accessible to a Norwegian readership.

If we were to follow Venuti's example, it might look like this:

- “shooting competition” – (“skytekonkurranse”) – “skytterstevne”;
- “glade” (“lysning”) – “setervoll”.

What emerges is a pattern: while “skytekonkurranse” or “lysning” would have been perfectly adequate choices, “skytterstevne” and “setervoll” tap into a vein of national sentiment, as I intend to demonstrate in the following paragraphs. A “skytterstevne” implies more than just a few men shooting at targets – it has an added air of festivity, food stalls, and generally a good day out for both competitors and audience, and this of course strengthens it as a contrastive element to treason, invasion, and occupation. A “skytterstevne”, though for many practical purposes the same as a “skytekonkurranse”, calls up institutions like *Det frivillige Skyttervesen* (The National Rifle Association of Norway), whose current homepage describes its history and aim as follows:

The National Rifle Association of Norway was instituted by the Parliament in 1893, and consists today of 900 rifleclubs with 160 000 active shooters. The Constitution was, and has since been, as follows: "The National Rifle Association's goal is to promote marksmanship throughout the Norwegian population and thus prepare the population for National Defence".

The organization receives support from the Government for its activities through the annual Defence Budget. DFS and the Rifle Clubs cooperate closely with the Home Guard regarding training of marksmen and education of instructors. The organisation arranges every year a national competition gathering about 5000 competitors. The Armed Forces play a vital support function in this annual event.<sup>23</sup>

The “national competition” referred to above, *Landsskytterstevnet*, is a major annual event and an institution familiar to all Norwegians, even those with little or no personal experience of shooting in any form. *Landsskytterstevnet* would be the primary connotation for “skytterstevne” for most readers. As seen from the excerpt above, the organisation remains

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<sup>23</sup> Det Frivillige Skyttervesen, <http://www.dfs.no/en/>, English version, accessed 29 March, 2010



closely tied to the Norwegian Armed Forces, and had in 1942 already for half a century been associated with ideas of nationhood and struggle for independence. Most crucially, it also played a role in the dissolution of the union with Sweden in 1905 when a force of over 40,000 shooters, organised with close links to the Armed Forces, was assigned to slow down a possible Swedish military advance in case a peaceful solution could not be reached through negotiations.<sup>24</sup> So proud national symbols of independence replace Steinbeck's neutrally descriptive term, for an added emotional appeal to a nation that found itself not in a union this time, but worse: under occupation by a foreign military power.

The same principle works for "glade" ("lysning") – "setervoll" in the passage above. But here it is not historical facts that make up the connotations, but rather a powerful image from the heart of national identity. The way Mr Corell uses it as part of his betrayal of the country comes close to defiling a national symbol. A glade is strictly speaking just a clearing in the forest, an area without trees in an otherwise wooded area. The "setervoll" of the translation, on the other hand, is a grassy, open stretch of forest or mountain land, often surrounded by a stone fence, that is used for pasture on a seasonal basis, as part of the traditional Norwegian transhumance. A "setervoll" traditionally has a little cabin that serves as residence for the herders, and there, livestock is grazed and dairy products produced during the summer months. The *setervoll* and the whole transhumance (*seterdrift*) was and is firmly embedded in national romantic ideas of the pure and unspoilt country; simply an essence of Norway, known from art, music and folk tales.

As both these examples reveal, remainders in this text are used – consciously or unconsciously – as part of a political project, and therefore access very powerful elements in the national public narrative. To return to Toury's concepts of *adequacy* and *acceptability*: the solutions in the target text are adequate, but clearly *more than acceptable*, or rather *more than sufficient*. They go further than necessary to retain the sense and function of the source text, and in doing so, add elements that can be directly linked to the overall purpose of the translation. In other words, my "neutral" suggestions above (in parentheses) were not there because they are optimal or even necessarily *good*, but because they do right by both source text and target culture.

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<sup>24</sup> Ane-Charlotte Five Aarseth, "Klare til geriljakrig mot Sverige", <http://www.aftenposten.no/meninger/kronikker/article1123395.ece>, accessed 29 March, 2010. See also Tor Jørgen Melien's review of Roald Berg's *Profesjon - union - nasjon. 1814 -1905. Norsk forsvarshistorie bind 2* in Norwegian Military Journal 2002, no. 4: "Ville de norske politikere og forhandlere vært like offensive i 1905 uten det norske forsvaret? Det var kanskje en baktanke med å tildele Det frivillige skyttervesen moderne Krag-Jørgensen rifler før 1905." <http://www.nor-miltids.com/NMT2002/nr4/Melien.htm>, accessed 10 March, 2010.

## Geography and climate

A great deal of the remainders that entered the text through its Norwegian translation have to do with the interlinked features of geography and climate. Comparing source text and target text reveals a translation that overrepresents and strengthens characteristically “Norwegian” features, such as seasonal darkness, mountains and snow. It also emphasises the impact of austere and harsh natural surroundings on national character; the inhabitants are superior also in being stoic survivors of the same unkind conditions that are breaking the spirit of the invaders.

First of all, what in the English original was only an outline of the physical geography, but an outline that could easily be matched to Norway, is more conclusively placed on the map in this translation through more or less subtle measures that play on both geography and culture.

”Well, William Deal and Walter Doggel got away last night.”

”Got away? Where?”

”They got away to England, in a boat.” (41)

”Jo, William Deal og Walter Doggel stakk avgårde i natt.”

”Stakk avgårde? Hvorhen?”

”Til England, i en skøyte.” (50)

Several points in this passage deserve attention, as instances of translational remainders in a short passage that in the original already metonymically points in the direction of a fictionalised Norway. In order to escape from the Germans, Norwegians either walked through massive woods to Sweden or sailed to England. Strengthening this source-text pointer to Norway as setting, the translation opts for the domestic *skøyte* (fishing boat), not the neutral *båt*. This is parallel to a previous passage where the source text has “drying fish” and the target text is able to use a lexicalised compound noun “tørrfisk” (24/30) instead of the literal translation “fisk til tørk”. In both cases, the source text is more general. The translation, through specification in the first case, and having at its disposal a culturally marked and lexicalized item in the second, makes the textual Norway more probable. There is also a more subtle shift in focus, between *got away* and *stakk avgårde*. The ST solution implies getting away *from* something, escaping some external threat or oppressive force. The TT solution *stakk avgårde* has a stronger feeling of independent agency; the boys did not so much run *from* something (i.e. the German occupation) as *to* something – to England, where they might join the Norwegian forces, and thus be able to come back with the required training and skills to help liberate their country.

To "get away" is in itself open and non-specific. Every translator into other languages could potentially angle "get away" according to what it would mean in their respective contexts, and the Norwegian translator has done just that in the next example:

We know that some of the young men have *got away*. (95)

Vi vet at noen ungdommer har *kommet seg over*. (108) (my emphases)

"Å komme seg over" in a Second World War Norwegian context means one of two things: either to cross the border into Sweden, or to cross the North Sea to Britain. The latter seems to be the most likely since the town is on the coast, and as the previous example showed, England was already mentioned in the source text some forty pages earlier. But it is not so much co-textual as topical concerns that govern the translation here. A seemingly incomplete statement – the likely missing element being either "grensen" (the border) or "Nordsjøen" (The North Sea) – functions in this historical context as a complete and unambiguous full statement, and this solution works extremely well as an anchoring of the text in a specific country, culture and time.

In unashamedly translating "Whenever men have escaped" (100) into the unambiguous "Hver gang noen har stukket over til England" (113-14) ("Whenever someone has gone off to England") the translator continues to strengthen the national and topical moorings of Steinbeck's text. When a little later Mr Corell says "When the girl escaped to the hills" (*ibid*), the translation renders it as "unslapp ut av landet" ("escaped out of the country") (*ibid*). This is in no way the same as in the English text; instead of having the girl hiding in the hills, she is now abroad. It is also no style gem. But despite its stylistic clumsiness, it is in its own way semantically accurate in relation to the projected *hopes* of the novel, in that it covers the (best) possible solution for those who are persecuted by the Germans for sabotage in Norway. That she is now out of the country may be seen as intending to inspire the reading population in several ways: rousing people into active resistance by pointing out that there is a way to escape, and removing from the reader any need to worry about the girl's fate alone and pursued by the enemy in the hills in the winter. So making the textual geography more specific through both geographical anchoring and more topical remainders brings it "home" to Norway in a way that is motivated both by textual and topical concerns: it makes the portrait of the country more believable, and in doing that, makes it more likely that the text may fulfil its purpose of boosting morale. This means that the translation points out more clearly than the source text how the geographical country is a

friendly force – it is home, it shelters you, but it also allows you to escape to safety elsewhere if that is not enough.

Pride in our extreme seasonal variations, and particular in our snow and winter, plays a major part in the Norwegian national self-image. This is a translation that plays up national character for all it is worth, as the *sine qua non* for surviving occupation. Thus it makes sense to align the forces of the natural world with the forces of good. An inanimate phenomenon like snow is portrayed as actively aiding and sheltering the population in their struggle against the invasion force:

A small, peaked-roof house beside the iron shop was shaped like the others and *wore its snow cap like the others*. (70)

Et lite, spissgavlet hus ved siden av skrapjernsbutikken lignet akkurat på de andre, *med sne på taket og sne oppetter veggene*. (82)  
(my emphases)

”Doubling” the amount of snow – i.e. introducing “sne” twice and in parallel constructions – means wrapping the house more snugly in what is comfortably domestic. As mentioned elsewhere, aspects of climate are a frequently employed semantic field for remainders in this translation. So instead of just a “snow cap” the house is now sheltered in a full natural winter coat, the country itself enveloping its people. Interestingly, although this is not anchored in the source text, spreading snow from ST roof tops and fences to TT whole houses is done repeatedly in the target text:

... it [the snow] piled high *on the fences* and puffed on the roof peaks. (70)

... den lå høyt *oppetter husveggene* og den bugnet på mønene. (81) (my emphasis)

Why move snow from the fences and up against the walls of the houses? It may be that it makes more sense in terms of the kinds of fences that were imagined by the translator – picket fences collect little snow, for instance. But since the fences themselves are not central to the passage at all, it makes more sense to see it as constructing the weather as a friendly force, snuggling up to the houses as an extra protective layer against the hostile world and rounding out their total contours, not just on the roof peaks but also on ground level. As a piece of comforting imagery, it actually works very well, while at the same time also domesticising the winter imagery from the sketchier winter picture provided in the source text. The translator is also more particular with the amounts of snow, hence the specification of “meterhøy” (one meter or more of) snow, a minimum of one metre being deemed acceptable to Norwegian

readers as an adequate measure of “very deep” snow, which is of course relative to the normal amount of snow in a region:

Over the land the snow lay *very deep* and dry as sand. (87)

Over landet lå sneen *meterhøy* og tørr som sand. (99)

(my emphases)

Norwegian readers would know their snow, so this makes perfect sense in terms of the intention and purpose of the translation: country and nation, land and people, must mobilize in order to rid themselves of the oppressors.

Not just the snow is enlisted in the good cause of making Norwegian readers feel at home; the wind is for instance dressed up in what amounts to a full national costume:

*The wind was dry and singing over the snow*, a quiet wind that blew steadily, evenly from the cold point of the Pole. (87)

*En tørr sno pep over snøen*, en jevn sno som blåste støtt og bestandig fra nord. (99)

(my emphases)

Steinbeck’s wind could in principle blow anywhere, starting at “the cold point of the Pole”; it is an “impersonal” wind with no nationality but a singing tone. The translation’s domesticised Norwegian wind has stopped singing and whines (“pep”) instead, and is deftly made recognisably domestic – the word “sno” is the layman’s very specific term for an icy, biting, even wind that is not so strong that it physically affects one’s ability to stand up or move about, but adds to the already prevailing cold by many degrees. It is in Norwegian very often described as a “sur”, i.e. sour, wind. “Sno” is more specific than the source text, and contributes to a more physically recognisable as well as more specifically Norwegian setting for the scene. By using the specific “sno” for the general “wind”, no reference to the North Pole is necessary for a Norwegian reader to be able to physically feel the coldness of “sno”.

The physical country offers both active and passive resistance to occupation and help to the inhabitants. The snow moves in to embrace the houses, both as blanket and insulation, and as bulwark and fortification. But the frozen ground itself, in its passive immobility, is also a problem from the invasion force, since it makes rebuilding installations that have been sabotaged almost impossible as the winter wears on. The passive resistance of frozen soil in Steinbeck is given a Norwegian spin in translation, however:

The ground is frozen too hard. (62)

Telen sitter altfor dypt i jorden. (73)

An adequate translation would have been ”Jorda er for hardfrosset.” This is both equivalent and idiomatic. But this and similar solutions with the Norwegian noun *frost* (frost) or its accompanying verb *fryse* (freeze), both of which exist in both source and target language, are passed over in favour of “Telen sitter altfor dypt i jorden”, literally “the condition-of-frozen-ground sits way too deep in the ground”. Thus we pass into more Norwegian territory, a translational rem(ainder) from a country that prides itself on its climate and specifically its population’s capacity for tackling copious amounts of frost and snow, darkness and cold. Due to specific climatic conditions, the semantic field of cold and frozen ground in Norwegian may be wider than in non-specialist English - the specialist term *tele* is a common term in Norwegian. *Tele* is colder and harder than the Norwegian *frost*, although in practical colloquial terms they may overlap in meaning. *Tele* does, however, connote a more robust state of frozenness, since it is unequivocal in its sense of earth frozen solid below ground, indicative of lower temperatures and longer duration. The Norwegian term *frost* may refer to frozen ground, but also covers the hoarfrost and rime above ground that have no such indication of (semi)permanence about them. Thus *tele* will prove harder than *frost* if attacked by the enemy’s construction crews – it will offer stronger resistance.

Weather is closely linked to light, which is very obvious when the original’s “for it was a gray day outside” (39) is rendered as “for det var gråvær ute” (47). Norwegian has the fully idiomatic option of making a literal translation of the English here, “for det var en grå dag ute”, but opts instead for a lexicalized compound noun meaning literally “grey weather”. Being lexicalized and not a freely formed noun phrase construction means that it is established in the vocabulary and in the culture, which ties it more closely to a core of Norwegian-ness. It also moves the focus from the psychological greyness to a purer weather focus.

In a grey zone between climate, geographical position and folklore we find a remainder that deals on the surface deals with light conditions. It occurs at the point in the story when the first enemy soldier looks into the room where the two principal leaders of the little town, democratically elected Mayor Orden and physician and town historian Dr Winter, are waiting:

It seemed that some warm light went out of the room and *a little grayness* took its place (5)  
 Det var som om noe av det varme lyset i stuen gikk ut, og *et grått tusmørke* kom isteden. (9)  
 (my emphases)

“Grayness” is neutral, in all senses of the word, both as colour and in terms of emotional impact – it denotes absence of light and darkness as well as absence of colour, and in psychological terms absence of stimulus and impression. “Tusmørke” (a Norwegian term for dusk or half-light), on the other hand, is fuller, and specifically rooted in a culture and a language. In folk etymology, it is thought to refer to Norwegian mythology, “tusser” being magical and often malevolent subterranean creatures, who operated at dusk, “tu(s)smørke” being literally the darkness of this folk creature. In official etymology, the prefix *tuss* is related to *tvi* and *tve* meaning *two* or *half*<sup>25</sup> – *tussmørke* cleaves darkness and light in two, creating halflight, like English *twilight* or German *Zwielicht*, which again creates a more loaded image than in Steinbeck’s text. In this halflight, terror may reside, it is a transition phase between the light of day and the darkness of night, and as such easily imaginable as valid description of the first days of occupation.

## Games

“These were the men of the staff, each one playing war as children play “*Run, Sheep, Run*”. (22)  
 ...*Post og røver* (29) (both my emphasis)

The game referred to in the English text is similar to the Norwegian *hauk og due*, although with elements of hide-and-seek and with the Old Ram playing a more active and helpful role than the *duemor* in the Norwegian game. Both games have predators and prey in delineated territories, they have safe havens and, and in both, the prey’s prize for reaching the safe haven is to be predator in the next round. But *Natt uten måne* translates the game as *post og røver*, which though obviously current in the early part of the twentieth century<sup>26</sup> appears to have been largely forgotten even at the time of translation and publication.<sup>27</sup> It has been suggested that *post og røver* may be similar to any cops-and-robbers or cowboys-and-indians type game, and if this is the case, it lacks the ritualised and highly rule-bound nature of the game used in the simile from the original text. *Post og røver* is arguably a remainder, but is also

<sup>25</sup> Universitet i Oslo, *Bokmålsordboka*,

<http://www.dokpro.uio.no/perl/ordboksoek/ordbok.cgi?OPP=tussm%F8rke&bokmaal=S%F8k+i+Bokm%E5lsordboka&ordbok=bokmaal&s=n&alfabet=n&renset=j>

<sup>26</sup> Tilla Valstad, *Teodora*, 1933, [http://www-bib.hive.no/tekster/ekstern/valstad/teodora1/den\\_stille\\_uke.html](http://www-bib.hive.no/tekster/ekstern/valstad/teodora1/den_stille_uke.html); <http://rud.skole.ralingen.kommune.no/historie/191229.html>, ”Skolestyrer Per Morks notater om Rud skole fra 1912 og utover; 1912-1929); Helge Hallesby, ”Hjemmet tjente Guds rike” about growing up in Vindern, Oslo, from 1914 onwards, in *Mitt barndomshjem* (Vårt Lands Forlag, 1967), retrieved on October 31, 2009, at <http://www.grumstad.no/Hallesby.pdf>

<sup>27</sup> Nobody from my group of 11 Norwegian informants, all born between 1920 and 1939 in different parts of the south of Norway, has ever heard of it.

dated and thus a *dead* remainder, and moreover, the ritualised nature of the game – parallel to the nature of war – is downplayed. This is a loss for the text in the sense that Steinbeck places a lot of emphasis on the stylised aspects of the relationship between occupier and occupant, as well as the ritual aspects of military life and conduct, which he balances against a corresponding personalisation of the individual characters, as we will see in chapter 2.

For a discussion of the original's Easter egg hunt and grab bags, the other play-related elements that are included in the text, and which in translation become, respectively, a treasure hunt and a relative blank, see below under American remainders.

### **Titles and bureaucracy**

Formal titles and other institutional terms are notoriously hard to translate, since they are so closely tied to the culture in which they function. For this novel, coming as it did *out of* as well as *in midst* a metanarrative war between competing world views, it was important that the distinction between *free men* and *herd men* be made very clear, since the novel's thesis is that though herd men may win battles, free men win wars, and this freedom goes hand in hand with democracy. (In this equation, the missing factor is of course that Hitler, too, had won an election.) A central passage from the novel reads in original:

Some people accept appointed leaders and obey them. But my people have elected me. They made me and they can unmake me. (16, Mayor Orden)

The position of mayor is an elected position in the USA, and this is fundamental to the whole novel: a free people elects its leaders. But the Norwegian *borgermester* denotes a figure who was never an elected official in Norway, but rather an *appointed* official, corresponding to *rådmann*. Also, the office of *borgermester* ceased to exist in Norway in 1938, so its use in *Natt uten måne* in a sense serves to *distance* the novel from either a real or a fictional Norway in 1942. An elected American mayor corresponds to Norwegian *ordfører* – the highest elected official in a town or city of a certain size. The relative democratic emptiness of the term *borgermester* should therefore have spoken against its use here. The term *borgermester* has, however, retained its flavour of pomp and circumstance, and more crucially, it connotes a benevolent power and community focal point above the fray, which may be why even today, there have been attempts at reintroducing it in Norway, most recently by Hermann Friele, the former *ordfører* of Bergen, who said he would have preferred to be the town's *borgermester*. Bearing in mind the context of this novel, *borgermester* may be viewed as a pragmatically successful choice: intratextually, it does the same as *mayor* in the original text in the sense



that it provides a focal point for the town, and extratextually, it gives the reader an idea of both democratic leadership and a certain separateness and grandeur – not of circumstance, but of spirit. It is from this perspective that I would argue that it is a remainder.

Where *borgermester* provides that little extra in terms of dignity and position compared to a strictly literal translation, the next text choice of translation of a title fails.

”Alex’s been an alderman in his time, and his father, too.” (41)

”Alex har sittet i bystyret i sin tid, og hans far også.” (49)

The novel shifts from municipality to town when it identifies Alex as a former member of the *bystyre* (town or city council), which makes sense, in that it preserves the very localized focus of the whole novel without implicating a wider municipality, but is nevertheless a redundant shift, since being a member of either implies the same kind of standing in a local community. But it is on this level of register that I would argue that this is an unfortunate choice, although technically accurate. What *been an alderman* possesses and *sittet i bystyret* (literally, “sat on the town council”) sorely lacks, linguistically speaking, is a sense of history, visible in the former’s obvious etymological claim to longevity. Old English *aldormann*, from *ealdor* chief (comparative of *eald* OLD) + *mann* (man), as a word carries much more of a linguistic and historic legacy than the more purely administrative flavour of the target text’s solution. *Alderman* is also a proper title with some weight to it, while *sittet i bystyret* is a prosaic description of a prosaic function – or, more literally, even a prosaic *state*, since *sitte* (to sit) is a stative verb. The target text does stay true to the fact that Alex had the confidence of his fellow townsmen, since they would have elected him to the position, and thus it preserves the strict semantic content, but it misses an opportunity to introduce a remainder that would have worked a lot better. In English, *alderman* denotes a member of a municipal assembly or council, whereas the cognate Norwegian *oldermann* is a leader of a guild or craftsman’s association; a meaning it also used to have in English. *Oldermann* like its English cognate comes from a word meaning “chief”, in old Norse. Of course, *alderman* and *oldermann* in their modern-day meanings are in most translation situations to be regarded as false friends only. But “translatability is greater when there is a degree of contact between the source language and target language”,<sup>28</sup> in this case even when this proximity may usually be a trap. In this one case, it might actually have been more successful to go with the false friend, to achieve the extra authority of the term for someone who is also a leader of men, without the

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<sup>28</sup>J Van den Broeck and J Lefevere, quoted here as in Ilze Bezuidenhof, ”A discourse-semiotic approach to translating cultural aspects in persuasive advertisements”, <http://ilze.org/semio/index.htm>, (1998) p 17. Site accessed 23 March, 2010

prosaic aspects of *sittet i bystyret*. It in no way ensures that the reading forms the desired image – *sittet i bystyret* fails to evoke the levels of dependability necessary to elevate Alex Morden above the fray, whereas conferring upon him the title of *oldermann* would have tied in very nicely with him being a proud and dependable worker – it is, after all, in his capacity as a worker in the mine that he commits his crime.

## American remainders

### Cultural remainders

Our “doubly translated” text might be doubly interesting in terms of remainders. To use the idea of an American “remainder” in the original means stretching Venuti’s term to include the inscription of source-cultural signs in the original, a cultural shorthand from the author’s own background creeping into the depiction of a culture that is not his own. The American remainders in *The moon is down* are not all on the lexicosemantic level, but more culture-bound than language-bound. For instance, in order to describe the search for the air-dropped dynamite and chocolate, Steinbeck uses the image of an Easter egg hunt, children’s wild and joyous search for the eggs of the Easter bunny, which inscribes onto his “Norway” a very American tradition. Thus a remainder as I use it here is not purely linguistic, but may also pertain to the narrative content.

...and they [the children] combed the countryside in a *terrible Easter egg hunt*... And the soldiers scurried about the town in *another Easter egg hunt*... Why, they will be looking for them, like *Easter eggs*. (90, 93)

....og de avsøkte omegnen i en *vill skattejakt*... Og soldatene begynte en *ny skattejakt*... Og ungene vil *lete etter den* [sjokoladen] *som sporhunder*. (102, 103, 105)

The Easter egg hunt is a tradition with a firm and established connotation in an American setting, but does not work in a Norwegian setting in 1942. Thus, the specific ST term is replaced by a more general TT one, *skattejakt* (treasure hunt). Only in recent, more affluent years have Norwegian children started looking for *many* Easter eggs, the way the children of the novel hunt for as many as possible of the blue parachutes and their cargo of dynamite and chocolate. Previously, the hunt in Norway, if there was one at all, was traditionally for *one* egg, made of plastic or cardboard, filled with candy and laid by the Easter hen, and not for numerous hidden (chocolate) eggs from the Easter bunny. This too American remainder was not domesticated in the translation into Norwegian, but omitted

altogether, by turning the Easter egg hunt into a “skattejakt” (90/102-3) and representing “Why, the kids will be looking for them, like Easter eggs” (93) as “Og ungene kommer til å lete etter den som sporhunder” (105). The same goes for the comparison of the chocolate in the air-dropped package with “the prize in the grab-bag”, i.e. the main item in a bag of party favours – another item that was not common enough to resonate with a 1940s Norwegian audience, but is rather neutralised as “Det blir noe for ungene” (106). A treasure hunt with *sporhunder* (hounds) is suddenly a lot more sinister, not least given that the German occupants employed dogs to track people. In terms of poetic force, neither of these solutions – *skattejakt* with *sporhunder* and *something for the kids* – resonate very well, so the translator has opted to make a neutral domesticated blank out of a potentially too exotic feature.

Images that are American in origin have penetrated the Western world to become part of a common cultural heritage through popular culture. Still, they stand out in a “Norwegian” text as foreign and heavily source-culturally marked. When Steinbeck describes Colonel Lanser, the commanding officer of the occupation force, and Mr Corell, the traitor, in the following way, it feels very much like Hollywood typecasting:

The colonel was a middle-aged man, gray and hard and tired-looking. He had the square shoulders of a soldier, but his eyes lacked the blank look of the ordinary soldier. The little man beside him was bald and rosy-cheeked, with small black eyes and a sensual mouth. (12 )

There is no professional requirement for square shoulders to be a soldier, and the look in the eye of the common soldier also needs not be blanker than in the eye of the officer. This is marked less as “American” as such than as “Hollywood”, i.e. the epitome of popular culture. The description of the commanding officer is very much tailor-made for Hollywood’s heroes of the day. And that is of course in itself interesting, since it goes against the typecasting of the enemy as unattractively cold, inhuman and – in the case of German characters – often super-Aryan in his blondness. Hollywood’s enormous outpouring of war films – especially after Pearl Harbour – relied on the stereotypical images of the enemy to justify slaughter, and Steinbeck’s sympathetic picture of a man who is neither uncultured, unattractive nor hideously de-sensitized to suffering, and who in all respects could have worked as type also on the Allied side, is commendable. But this balanced image of a German was not the success Steinbeck had hoped for:

In March, 1942, John Steinbeck found that he had seriously misjudged the popular necessity of type-casting German troops as simply wicked. In [...] *The moon is down*, he depicted the Germans occupying a Norwegian town as human, subject like other

people to emotions of love, pride, envy, and jealousy. None was characterized as an anti-semitic monster. To his astonishment, a cascade of intellectual and moral abuse fell upon him. [...] Germans, all Germans – Wehrmacht, SS, sailors, housewives, hikers, the lot – had to be cast as confirmed enemies of human decency.<sup>29</sup>

The traitor, Mr Corell, is also typecast, but of course not as a hero. In sharp contrast to the commanding officer, he is unheroically built – small, bald and rosy-cheeked – i.e. not in conformity with masculine ideals of the popular culture, and so is marked as a hero to neither side. No Hollywood leading man for him. Corell is described as seemingly benevolent but black-eyed, which means there should be no doubt as to the depth of his treachery; black eyes link him with the foreign-ness of his despicable doings. He is “the only wholly contemptible character in the whole novel”, in the words of one critic; “the only character disdained by the townspeople and their quasi-Nazi invaders alike”.<sup>30</sup> Never mind, of course, that the real Mr Corell, Vidkun Quisling, graduated from the Norwegian Military Academy in 1911 as its best cadet of all times, that he worked with our national hero Fritiof Nansen to alleviate hunger in the Soviet Union in the 1920s, and that in 1929 he was made an honorary commander of the Order of the British Empire (revoked in 1944). For wartime propaganda purposes, these facts were of little interest, since nuances are the stuff of historians and biographers – during a war, a traitor is all traitor. But as we shall see in the portrait of Colonel Lanser, for Steinbeck, remarkably, an officer was also all officer. The loneliness of the high command was portrayed sympathetically even when it was the loneliness of someone from the other side, enough to endow Colonel Lanser with the heroic stature of one of Hollywood’s leading men

## Names

The names in the novel were consciously chosen by Steinbeck not to indicate specific nationalities. “The names of the people I made as international as I could”, he states in an article over twenty years later.<sup>31</sup> Not very successfully so, though, but that is not really the main point. The choice was made to support the undecided nature of the invaders’ nationality, except of course it is very far for undecided in so many other aspects. *Natt uten måne* does what translation *must* do, namely to domesticate what is necessary for the text to work in the target readership, and as we have seen in this chapter, it goes much further than pure literary

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<sup>29</sup> Fussell, *Wartime*, pp 120-121

<sup>30</sup> Coers, *John Steinbeck goes to war*, p 41. Coers also points out that an earlier draft of the novel named this character Curseling.

<sup>31</sup> John Steinbeck, “Reflections on a lunar eclipse”, *New York Herald Tribune*, 6 October, 1963, quoted here as in Coers, p 9

or linguistic necessity dictates in many respects. But it keeps names unchanged. It may seem that the translation is here too much bound up in the same source-respecting tradition that also did not give more familiarly Norwegian names to characters in children's books all the way up through the first half of the previous century, even though hardly any Norwegian child could confidently pronounce the names of Nancy Drew and her friend George, not to mention their hometown of River Heights. In recent successes like for instance the Harry Potter series, the situation is radically changed, and names are changed in translation, justified by reference to the name's having inherent meaning in many cases. This contrasts sharply with our text: given that it was written for distribution abroad, in original or in translation, Steinbeck aimed for neither symbolic names nor names that are particularly meaningful in their potential interpretations; Dr Winter is not cold, and linking Mayor Orden (his name is the Norwegian word for "system, order" or "decoration") to the English "order" – either as in "command", "decoration", or "system" – is also metaphorically or interpretationally rewarding in neither language.

No names have been changed in this translation. Notwithstanding Steinbeck's expressed intention to use names that did not anchor the text too strongly in one culture, of course not all of his name choices will work equally well in all target languages, and in the fact that they are non-specific in origin, they call up the foreign and undomesticated. *De to brødrene Anders*, the two Anders brothers (who sail for England and want to take Mr Corell with them), simply sounds ridiculous in Norwegian, since *Anders* is in Norway unambiguously a given name and not a family name – the corresponding family name *Andersen* would have been an easy substitution. Doctor Winter has a surname that is fully acceptable as a name both in English and in a proto-Norwegian setting, but not so with the Mayor: *Orden* is neither recognisable as a name nor especially functional as signalling allegorical characterization, since "order" is not his foremost representational function in the novel. Even less successful is the translator's decision to let Alexander Morden, the young townsman who impulsively kills a soldier because he will not be ordered about by anyone, keep his original last name. Being tried for murder with a name so close to the Norwegian word for it, *mord*, is a bit much. What is gained by letting William Deal and Walter Doggel (minor characters who are mentioned only in passing, as young men who have run off to England in a boat) keep their original family names is also debatable, when the translation in so many other instances introduces minor as well as major changes. Even pronouncing their names in Norwegian is fraught with uncertainty and as such a major defamiliarising factor to

a Norwegian reader. But in defence of this choice, their names at least do not carry or imply any symbolic meaning in Norwegian.

Steinbeck's America is visible through remainders in more than just the names of people. "There is a restaurant right behind here. You can't see it in the picture. It's called Burden's", Lieutenant Prackle in the throes of homesickness says in Steinbeck's original (61). Prackle is pointing to a picture in a magazine they have had sent from home, and is talking about a restaurant called *Burden's*. The form of the name is an American remainder, and the genitive form (with the apostrophe) is also a very American name for a restaurant, one that in German might be called *Zur Bürde*. The name of course is clumsily metaphorical – the thought of home being a burden, as well as offering solace. The translation here does one minor alteration: it goes for a domesticated grammar of the name, with a non-apostrophe genitive. The apostrophe form is entirely Anglo-Saxon, so unless we are talking Australian or North-American invaders, this is unlikely to be the name of a restaurant the invaders would feel homesick for.

## Conclusion

Given the all-too-real drama of both conception, translation into Norwegian, and distribution and reading of this novel, extra-literary referential contexts are potentially more important here than in most novels – one would assume that the more Norwegians recognised themselves in the text and identified with its moral sentiments, the more it would actually work. While Norwegian remainders abound, American remainders in the text are really fewer than one should imagine. Writing as if from within a foreign culture in a way that does not betray your own in ways that too seriously disturb readers from that same culture is difficult. What I hope to have shown here is that Steinbeck created a rather diagrammatic text that really had great potential to be read as being "about us", but that was nevertheless padded out with Norwegian remainders to appear *more* Norwegian in translation than the source text warrants. The Norwegian remainders outnumber the American ones and also go a long way towards outweighing them. The translator must not have trusted the source text and decided to fortify it in this way, in order to reach his (or the Norwegian Legation's) goal of inspiring and raising the spirit of the occupied nation. Crucially, though, a comparatively simple area like names remained virtually untouched.

If a reader identifies strongly enough with a "we" that has been strengthened by remainders, among other things, our tendency to think in binary structures also predisposes the reader to posit a stronger "they", the others. The tendency towards sharpening the image

of both friends and enemies, *us* and *them*, is visible in other forms in the novel as well, as we will see in the next chapter, leading to a rather more polarized picture than Steinbeck originally created.

## Chapter 2: Polarised characterisation

### Characterisation and conflict

If war is a political, social, and psychological disaster, it is also a perceptual and rhetorical scandal from which total recovery is unlikely. Looking out upon the wartime world, soldiers and civilians alike reduce it to a simplified sketch featuring a limited series of classifications into which people, in the process dehumanized and deprived of individuality or eccentricity, are fitted.<sup>32</sup>

The first victim in war may not be truth, but nuance. Creating distorted and simplistic images of the enemy is the oldest form of morale raising, and the Second World War had its fair share of such images:

The Germans were recognized to be human beings, but of a perverse type, cold, diagrammatic, pedantic, unimaginative, and thoroughly sinister. [...] Their instinct for discipline made them especially dangerous, and their admitted distinction in technology made their cruelty uniquely effective. That it was the same people who were shooting hostages and hanging Poles and gassing Jews, on the one hand, and enjoying Beethoven and Schubert, on the other, was a complication too difficult to be faced during wartime.<sup>33</sup>

As we already saw, Steinbeck was criticised in the United States for depicting the occupation forces as human, as individuals (or at the very least individual types), at a time when gross stereotyping was the norm.

He had presented the enemy not as demons but as thoughtful and intelligent human beings committing evil. Steinbeck believed that the customary propagandistic hype would be ineffective among Europeans who were experiencing the occupation firsthand and who would know therefore that not all Germans were monsters. His critics, on the other hand, claimed that those Europeans would be baffled and even demoralized by such idealized Nazis.<sup>34</sup>

That the novel was also criticized on more purely literary grounds bothered him less.<sup>35</sup> The officers of his occupation force are scrupulously and methodically given faces, names, and background histories that are every bit as peaceful, undramatic and even trite as those of any other person from the “right” side of the conflict. In contravening the basic wartime tenet of dehumanising the enemy and making him faceless, Steinbeck drew a lot of flak from his

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<sup>32</sup> Fussell, *Wartime*, p 115

<sup>33</sup> Fussell, *Wartime*, p 120

<sup>34</sup> Coers, *John Steinbeck goes to war*, p xii

<sup>35</sup> Coers, *John Steinbeck goes to war*, p 23



fellow Americans. Simplification of causality and assignation of blame go hand in hand with fear and anger:

Each side was offered not just false data, but worse, false assumptions about human nature and behavior, assumptions whose effect was to define either a world without a complicated principle of evil or one where all evil was easily displaced onto one simplified recipient, Jews on the Axis side, Nazis and Japs on the Allied.<sup>36</sup>

This is also what makes Steinbeck's text more important: he attempted to show how any aspect of intellectual and personal development may exist on either side in a conflict. But when the novel moved out of unoccupied USA and hit the war – when it was translated in the war zone for reading by people who lived under occupation – its nuanced portraits were in the Norwegian translation in many instances painted over with broad, unrefined brushstrokes; silhouettes were distorted and primary colours took over. In *Natt uten måne*, both occupation force, townspeople and the encounters between the two come off very different from what they did in the source text.

How a narrative is framed governs what it can achieve as well as what it legitimizes. If the Western world post 9-11 has "translated" political differences and power relations into the frame "terrorism", this means that when they act against it, it can be construed as "counter-measures", not as "attack". *Non-metaphorical reframing* proceeds, says Mona Baker, along different main lines, two of which are of particular relevance to this analysis: *temporal and spatial reframing*, and what she calls *repositioning of participants* in the communicative situation.<sup>37</sup> Any translation is itself a reframing. Taking a text out of its primary time and space by choosing to publish or translate a particular text, at a particular point in time, whether close to or long after the time of publication, means that at the very least, before we even start considering the validity and equivalence of the translated text, we are dealing with a different textual project than the original. Mona Baker uses the 1990s translation of a 1970s Serbian text to illustrate this: the source text sprung out of a time when its use of symbols explored the cultural roots of the society in which it was written. But when it is published twenty years later in a fragmented Yugoslavian state, the text is temporally and spatially reframed, since the same national and cultural symbols have been appropriated by the most fundamental nationalists – it enters a different framework of interpretation of the same symbols. Reframing thus occurs even in non-translated texts; adding an introduction,

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<sup>36</sup> Fussell, *Wartime*, p 288

<sup>37</sup> Baker, *Translation and conflict*, p 132

footnotes, prefaces, etc, to a text are classic examples of positioning the novel differently *vis-à-vis* its readers.

With a translation, the issue of reframing is only compounded, since the act of giving the text new form for a new audience in a different culture is already a reframing. The illegally distributed Norwegian translation, *Natt uten måne*, inevitably entered a completely different spatial as well as partially different temporal framework than the original, even in its first appearance only months after the original was published and while the war was still very much going on. The concept of framing is particularly interesting in a situation as peculiar as this one, where the original was created specifically in order to be disseminated as quickly as possible in translation in other nations. However, when its wartime translations into the languages of Nazi-occupied countries, like *Natt uten måne*, are republished after the war, the reframing becomes even more pronounced, I would argue, since they were originally meant to have a direct function in the war.

The original and the 1942 translation shared more temporal (topical) frameworks than spatial ones, and the spatial reframing that takes place in the translation may account for many of the differences between them, in the basic sense of distance and proximity to the events in the text, respectively. Later (i.e. post-war) readers are already at one further remove. It is obvious that the immediate relevance of both original and translation is lost in post-war reprintings of the original text, through temporal reframing as well subtle shifts in participant relations through paratextual as well as intratextual means. Not only is the war for which it was written already over. More importantly, when for instance my edition of *The moon is down* has a lengthy introduction that gives a brief outline of the novel's history in terms of creation, translation, distribution and effect, the immediacy of the text is lost, and it is effectively framed as a historical document, a text of and for its time, which defends its place on the book shelves in that capacity only.

Both these types of reframing concern how a target text may variously shift, undermine or change the emphasis and textual direction of the source text. In doing so, it shapes it for its own purposes. This occurs on many levels and in many ways: linguistically – through grammatical tense, deixis, vocabulary, register, euphemisms, etc, - as well as in the choices made by the publishers in terms of paratext (cover, blurb, etc) and the marketing of the text. In this case, the translator's power has clearly been used to prevent a potential conflict in the minds of readers of Steinbeck's text, namely the conflict between the need to demonize the enemy and the need to stay human and allow for nuances. Grossly one-dimensional images of the enemy have proved to work fearfully well over the ages; as one

scholar says, “for the war to be prosecuted at all, the enemy of course had to be severely dehumanized and demeaned, and in different ways, depending on different presumed national characteristics.”<sup>38</sup> The following very brief extract concisely sums up the basic difference between Steinbeck’s project and the Norwegian translation’s project:

the men of the battalion ... the men (58)  
de fremmede soldatene ... de fremmede (68)

The “men” here are the occupation forces – who in Norwegian have become *fremmede*, strangers. There is a complete change of perspective involved in this. Where “the men of the battalion” is a neutrally descriptive noun phrase, “de fremmede soldatene” (the strange or foreign soldiers) is symptomatic of a frame of perception that operates in clear binary structures: good/bad, us/them, familiar/strange. *Fremmed* is loaded; it is both denotatively and connotatively more closely tied to a binary psychological framework, and indicative of an interpretative frame of mind that shapes the whole of this translation. If the literal equivalent in the target language, “mennene fra bataljonen”, had been chosen instead, no such emotional loading had been present. Even though they would strictly speaking have been “strangers” from a source text point of view as well, it is only from a position deep inside the target culture – which is also the culture portrayed in the text itself – that they are *felt* to be so. Conflict is confrontational; there was no middle ground in the meta-narrative of our place in history during the war years, “we” were known and good, “they” were strangers and decidedly evil.

The way a text is appropriated for a new audience can be seen in

patterns of omission and addition designed to suppress, accentuate or elaborate particular aspects of a narrative encoded in the source text or utterance, or aspects of the larger narrative(s) in which it is embedded.<sup>39</sup>

The patterns of characterisation that emerge in my analysis of the characters in *Natt uten måne* will show how the translator in many instances has paid more attention to the larger narrative – the ongoing war – and chosen to go beyond the source text to accentuate conflict, not reconciliation, and to suppress shared humanity in favour of patriotism. Creating less charitable images of the occupant in the novel, in order to prevent a conflict in the Norwegian view of the individual German soldier is only one of the ways in which this is achieved. Viewing the potential conflict between loyalty to one’s readers in their occupied state, and

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<sup>38</sup> Paul Fussell, p 121

<sup>39</sup> Baker, *Translation and conflict*, p 114

faithfulness to the source text, it must have been deemed counterproductive to create too generous a portrait of the occupation force, as the analysis shows.

Studies in translation have traditionally looked for ways to account for aberrant translations with reference to dictionaries, to pragmatics or to complicated discourse diagrams rather than to the individual translator's place in the historical moment. This is true at least if we are talking about translators of our own time, since anything else seems to be in bad taste – the translator is allowed to take on the role of neutral medium. But an important principle in order to be able to understand the relationship between translation and conflict is that the translator is an active agent, not a neutral medium. The translator is enmeshed in a culture and exposed to its fears and joys, its sources of pride and deepest shame, and all of these also constitute the tools of his or her trade. The fact that the translator does not stand superhumanly above his or her time and culture, and is not without allegiances either personally or professionally, means the person is bound by more than his or her current translation brief. Cultural, political and ideological conflicts accentuate this. Although translators may have had formal training that also encompassed professional ethics, translators' ethics may easily "fall foul of the contingencies of war".<sup>40</sup>

In recent years, interesting work has been done on translators on the frontline, working with the military or with news media, where the question of "neutrality" is central.<sup>41</sup> In the case of local translators and interpreters employed by the military or by foreign-language media in conflict zones, their local allegiances can contribute to shaping military intelligence or the journalist's story, and yet they are crucial not only because of their access to the language, but also for their cultural knowledge, networks and local connections. These are translators who literally operate on the frontline, but there are also more metaphorical *cultural* frontlines in a conflict. The personal allegiance of the literary translator combined with his or her exclusive access to the original text may produce very "disloyal" translations. Disloyalty in the form of slanting the text in the desired direction may even be part of the translator's brief when that text is intended to function as part of the psychological operations in a conflict, the way *The moon is down* was commissioned and distributed in close cooperation with the Norwegian Legation in Stockholm during the war.

Jerry Palmer in his 2007 article also discusses how the practice of embedding journalists with military units gives rise to two essential concerns:

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<sup>40</sup> Myriam Salama-Carr, "Introduction", in Salama-Carr (ed), *Translating and interpreting conflict* (Amsterdam: Rodopi, 2007), p 3

<sup>41</sup> See for instance Jerry Palmer, "Interpreting and translating for Western media in Iraq", in Myriam Salama-Carr (ed), *Translating and interpreting conflict* (Amsterdam: Rodopi, 2007), pp 13-28

- The journalist may become emotionally attached to the unit to which (s)he is attached, and thus lose the necessary professional distance.
- The journalist will inevitably see things from the unit's side of the lines, which may affect their perspective in the broader sense of the word.<sup>42</sup>

For “journalist”, substitute “translator”, and the “unit” in this case is the nation. In the lines quoted above, “de fremmede” are the words of an embedded translator, who does little to rein in his allegiances. Granting the occupation force full humanity, i.e. referring to them as men, the way the source text does, is rejected – they are strangers (“fremmede”) before they are men. More remarkably, this is taken from the section of the novel that perhaps most clearly insists on the basic humanity of the soldiers: their basic human need for safety, love, togetherness, acceptance, and human comfort. The translation downplays these traits. The perspective change between “men” and “fremmede” above and in similar passages serves only to emphasise that this is a translation with a clear bias, a clear perspective from *within* the occupied nation. From this embedded point of view the alienness of the battalion is perceived as more urgent than anything else, and only from a very far from objective and disinterested point of view would the purpose of the translation and distribution of *The moon is down* justify choices like these.

There seem to be two main directions of deviation in character description in this translation. One of these tendencies seems to spring from a store of basic fear and anger that has morphed into an urge to encourage, warn and mobilise the readers beyond what the author already does. This illustrates the tendency:

It isn't good to see him in the streets. (81) (Tom Anders about Mr Corell)  
Det er farlig å ha ham gående her. (93)

The passage shows how a translation may be shaped by equal measures ideology and fear – a fear that was not the translator's alone, but shared by the population. Both source text and target text focus on how seeing the traitor walk the streets as a free man may affect the population's morale, but the target text moves away from the relative openness of “not good” to the specification of “farlig” (dangerous). Moving the statement from discomfort to danger may stem from the translator's sitting very close to the actual situation. But more importantly, pointing out the danger also better suits the primary project of mobilisation against the oppressor, just as do the following solutions:

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<sup>42</sup> Palmer, “Interpreting and translating for Western media in Iraq”, p 17

And they were *curt* with the people and the people were *curt* with them...(58)  
Og de ble *hatske* mot folk, og folk ble *hatske* mot dem... (68)

... and the people were *cold and obedient* (58)  
... og folk var *iskalde og høflige* (68)  
(my emphasis)

“Curt” is “rude, brusque, snappy”, whereas “hatsk” means “expressing hatred”, which is an exaggeration and an overinterpretation, quite possibly an expression of what is felt by publisher or translator, but not an equivalent translation. “Cold and obedient” would be literally “kalde og lydige”, but instead the phrase is rendered as “ice cold” – comparatively stronger – and “polite”. Being described as obedient may not strengthen a person’s self esteem, but politeness under such pressure, if perhaps not heroic, could at least be read as the mark of a more elevated and refined individual. The extra coldness is needed to balance the this politeness so it does not become servility. Here again, the translation purpose and the grim real-world circumstances – occupation, war, fear, resentment – seem to have slanted the finished product.

The other tendency is to polarise the characters. How this is carried out in relation to “German” and “Norwegian” characters is the focus of the rest of this chapter.

### **“German” characters**

Stereotypes exist in peacetime as well as in war. But, as Paul Fussell points out,

in normal times, the characteristic most often imputed to the Germans, thoroughness, would have constituted a compliment. But in wartime it was a moral defect, implying an inhuman mechanism, monotony, and rigidity.<sup>43</sup>

Or rather, it was *perceived by the other side* as a moral defect. So when Steinbeck over four pages offers the reader mini-biographies and character sketches of the officers (pp 20-23), what he does is to force the audience to look at how individuals deviate from negative prototypes. In prototype theory, “features are conceived of as being present or absent to a certain degree, not absolutely, and similarities are assessed in terms of relative closeness to a prototype”.<sup>44</sup> For instance, there is a reason why a penguin is classified as a “*flightless* bird”; the prototype “bird” is likely to include “can fly”, and thus penguins would be further from the prototype than sparrows are, although they are both birds. For Steinbeck’s purpose, it was

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<sup>43</sup> Fussell, *Wartime*, p 121

<sup>44</sup> Andrew Chesterman, *Contrastive functional analysis* (Amsterdam: John Benjamins, 1998), p 44

important to show that it is not the (situationally determined negative) prototype that physically invades a country, it is the individuals, who may very well be penguins and not sparrows. When Colonel Lanser, the leader of the occupation force, allows the defendant Alex Morden to sit down during the trial, in violation of strictly prescribed procedures, he goes against stereotypes of Germans that would emphasise their “insistence on the letter rather than the spirit of ordinances”.<sup>45</sup> He pulls rank on his subordinate, Lieutenant Loft, who *does* conform to that same stereotype, by always going by the book and not by situational context or concerns for the individual. That was part of the purpose of the original text – to show that on both sides of the conflict lines, there is every type of character.

In this particular case, the translation does not deviate from the original; Alex is allowed to sit in the Norwegian text as well. In general, though, when comparing source text and target text, it soon becomes clear that the image of the enemy is so misrepresented in the translation that one may even say that what the Norwegians read and loved was not exactly what Steinbeck wrote. Maybe that is why it was so easy for a Norwegian 1945 review to say that the novel in its clandestine publication during the war had felt “like manna in a hungry soul”.<sup>46</sup> Of course elements of the sympathetic image of the enemy remain in translation, but it has been modified significantly, as we shall see. It is tempting to speculate that this has played a not insignificant role in saving the author from a repetition of the vicious criticism that was aimed at his characterisation of the enemy in the USA. A more benevolent explanation, however, might of course be that the readers accepted what remained of the sympathetic portrait as valid, since they themselves saw that the enemy was a human being. I have personal communication from several Norwegians who during the occupation years felt pity for the individual German soldier without losing sight of the bigger picture. But there is also a chance that the novel was a success not only because Norwegians in 1942 needed a morale boost, and because they were flattered that anyone remembered them and their struggle. What they read made themselves come off better and the Germans correspondingly worse; especially the occupation force lost a lot in translation. A close comparative reading of the translation certainly invites speculation as to what impression the novel’s “Germans” really made on the wartime Norwegian readers.

How does this translation exploit concepts of national character? If boosting morale is the aim, then making the enemy too powerfully intimidating is not the way to go, but it is still

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<sup>45</sup> Fussell, *Wartime*, p 80

<sup>46</sup> Review in the Norwegian newspaper *Fædrelandsvennen*, 23 July, 1945, quoted in Coers, *John Steinbeck goes to war*, p 49

important to make the enemy appear capable of any cruelty, and use this as a jumping-off point to encourage resistance. Three tendencies seem to pervade the Norwegian text. First of all, many of the choices that are made in the translation play on the stereotype of the cold and ruthlessly methodical German, devoid of compassion. Secondly, this is – without grounding in the source text – paired with Norwegian fear that the occupation will never end. Then finally, the enemy must be made to appear not invulnerable, but no sympathy must be wasted on his vulnerability. This is then contrasted with a corresponding strengthening of positive traits in the portrayal of the native townspeople.

”We want to *get along* as well as we can. You see, sir, this is more like a *business venture* than anything else.” (Colonel Lanser) (14)

”Vi ønsker å *avfinne oss med* befolkningen og myndighetene så godt det lar seg gjøre. De skjønner, herr borgermester, at dette ligner mest av alt et *forretningskupp*.” (19)  
(my emphases)

This is Colonel Lanser speaking, the officer in command of the occupation forces. Lanser has no illusions, he is a veteran of the last war, and does not want what he knows he cannot get, but he is a civilized man. Steinbeck’s colonel hopes for civilized co-existence; and wanting to “get along” could easily have been rendered as “komme overens”. There is a great difference between that and “avfinne seg med”, which means tolerate against your wish. The latter rules out contact between the two groups beyond the bare necessities. More crucially: it is the invader that expresses his intention here, to “avfinne seg med” the local population “så godt det lar seg gjøre” (as best they can), not the other way round. This begs the question what happens to the population if the invader tires of trying to be tolerant; if this no longer “lar seg gjøre” (is doable). There is so much menace in the TT rendering of his statement, it appears to hint at darker solutions – extermination, ethnic cleansing. For what if a barely tolerated co-existence proves not to be viable? Then both the population and the authorities (the specification is not found in the source text) will apparently have to be dealt with in a different manner. The translation, in other words, introduces a menacing tone into an originally rather more conciliatory line of conversation. Also, a “business venture” may be rather cold and practical, but it is no “kupp” (coup). A venture has partners, signed deals, and benefits for all. A “kupp” as presented here is more in the line of a hostile takeover, a toppling of the present leadership against the will of those involved.

The confrontational attitude ascribed to the occupant in the translation into Norwegian is at the core of the inconsistencies in the finished text. Steinbeck’s original humanizing of the foreign troops on the macro-level is simply not compatible with the translator’s demonizing of



them in the details, so a tension ensues that is never fully resolved. The use of *avfinne seg med* as a translation for *get along* is repeated on page 19/24:

We are instructed to get along with your people. (19)  
Vi har ordre om å avfinne oss med Deres folk. (24)

This again seems to be a politically motivated choice, in that it introduces a threat where the original had none. The translation also turns “are instructed” into “have orders” (“har ordre om”), which is again stronger and colder. Similarly, Lanser’s men have been “led along with lies” (99) to believe that they will be welcomed and that this country may even be a place to settle permanently. Initially, before isolation and local hostility burst their bubble, the more innocent of the officers view the country as beautiful and attractive, and naïvely imagine what a future there might hold in store. But this dream becomes far more reality bound in translation:

Nice, pleasant people, beautiful lawns and deer and little children. (63)  
Pene, pyntelige folk, herlige gressganger, god jakt, ideelt sted for barn å vokse opp.  
(73) (my emphases)

Steinbeck’s Lieutenant Tonder is a dreamer and a romantic. His dreams of a post-occupation idyllic future in the new country include deer and children. Whether the deer are for hunting or as scenic additions to the idyllic landscape is not specified, and we do not know whose children. And that is the whole point, this is a romantic idea, a pastoral or bucolic landscape of the mind, which is obvious if it is read in the context of this particular young man’s dreams. Tonder is consistently portrayed by Steinbeck as starry-eyed and full of elaborate dreams of heroics and dark maidens. In the translation, the passage has become unequivocal and practical, leaving out any romantic dreamscape that belongs in a painting more than in a realistic idea. The deer itself are gone, only “god jakt” (good hunting) remains, and the dreamer has become a prospective father evaluating the neighbourhood with regards to raising a family. This seriously distorts the characterisation. Tonder is a romantic, “a bitter poet who dreamed of perfect, ideal love of elevated young men for poor girls” (22). That is the role he was intended to have from Steinbeck’s hand, part of the project of making the enemy human – his poet’s heart does not harbour dreams of having children of his own, but only children scattered picturesquely through the idyllic landscape of his mind. When the translation also makes him an eager hunter, it accesses a link between being a regular hunter of prey and his role as soldier, which is rather a tasteless leap.

The problem with translating “deer” as ”god jakt”(good hunting) is that though they both allow multiple readings, the multiplicity lies on different levels. With “deer”, the differences have an effect on the level of their contribution to characterisation. Different readings allow “deer” to be either dream and decoration, or sport. With “jakt”, a superordinate word, the whole element of dreaminess is absent. Variant images of “jakt” are all firmly in the practical domain, so differences in our connotations will only show up on the level of our imagined hyponyms, where the only variation is what kind of “jakt”. Using the a superordinate or generic term “jakt” without specifying further among all the species that are regularly hunted in Norway, could potentially aim to maintain the geographically unspecified framework of the ST, since forms of hunting varies across the country with species of game. But more significantly, making him a hunter introduces a more robust masculinity than is possessed by the unformed young man in the ST. This caters to the psychological necessity of maintaining an intimidating image of the enemy, in order *to want to* and *be able to* kill him. However, this is the antithesis of the characterisation in the original text. In other words, the target text is made explicitly more realistic, in order to create a harder image of the adversary, an image that does not tolerate poetry. It also comes across as more of a realistic scenario, and thus taps into the readers’ fear that Norwegians may never again rule their own country. The idle dreamscape was much easier to dismiss as the romantic idea of an unformed young man.

As we can see, where the translation departs notably from the source text, it is often through choices made inside a semantic fields: a noun phrase that is either subordinate or superordinate to the item in the source text, as in putting “jakt” for “deer”; either more or less equivocal, as in “godt sted å vokse opp” for “little children”; or otherwise with certain connotations that the source text did not have. For instance, the translation of the following statement from Colonel Lanser seems innocuous enough on first glance:

“The military, the political pattern I work in, has certain tendencies and practices which are invariable.” (49)

”Det militære, det politiske system som jeg er et ledd i, har visse tilbøyeligheter og fremgangsmåter som er ufravikelige.” (57)

The figure of the commanding officer is potentially the most rounded of all the characters in Steinbeck’s novel. He is intelligent, cultivated, a professional and loyal soldier and a man with few illusions about humankind. Most crucially, he is disillusioned, but he is not dehumanised and not a proto-Nazi. But to “work” in a system is perceived as a looser association than being “et ledd i” (a link) that same system. Although for practical purposes the difference may not be as noticeable, it has to do with the person’s self identification. The

target text strategically puts Lanser more wholeheartedly inside the system, and having Lanser associating himself more closely with National Socialist Germany is one small way of contravening Steinbeck's efforts to create a balanced portrait of the Germans.

*The moon is down* is scrupulous in describing how the conquerors, specifically the officers, are experiencing the strain of occupation. The officers are in one sense particularly vulnerable, says Steinbeck. They have both their own men and the people of the village scrutinizing them for signs of weakness, and so it is doubly important for them not to buckle under the pressure of being hated by the townspeople and looked to for guidance and moral strength by their men at the same time. Neither mental nor physical pain is, however, treated straightforwardly in translation:

...the same longings were more tightly locked in their [the officers'] hearts. (60)  
... de samme lengslene gnog dem i stillhet. (70)

The Norwegian translation here says, literally, "the same longings chewed them in silence". An acceptable translation needed only say "offiserene bar de samme lengslene innelåst i sine hjerter". What is locked in one's heart is stowed away beyond gnawing reach. To be *locked in* is to be put in a passive state, whereas "gnog" (chewed) describes an ongoing activity. Between ST and TT there is also a movement from a more poetic to a more colloquial register, and thus another subtle shift that aims to emphasise a weak point instead of portraying strength. Notably, the chosen rendering even deprives the officers of (verbal) hearts – their textual body has only silence ("stillhet") where (syntactically) a heart should be, since heartlessness even in verbal form is obviously deemed more fitting for a description of the occupation force.

The translation frequently fails to pay (source text-appropriate) respect to the time perspective when it comes to depictions of the invaders' misery, as seen for instance in

Lieutenant Prackle, his arm *still* in a sling (60) (my emphasis)  
Løytnant Prackle, med armen i bind (71)

where the source text by including the time adverbial embraces both the general passing of time and the fact that the lieutenant has been incapacitated and presumably in pain for quite some time. In the Norwegian text, these perspectives are absent, and the phrase is more purely descriptive of the present moment, without acknowledging prolonged suffering in someone on the enemy side. Another example of the TT's perspective-altering and time-compressing approach is found in the same passage:

... when the first crack appeared (60)  
... når det første sammenbruddet kom (70)

”The first crack” in the occupants’ wall of self control, resulting from the mental siege of being universally hated and rejected in the town community, is potentially just a hairline crack. However, the Norwegian text intends not to prolong the experience of occupation, and also not to draw focus to the protracted strain on the party responsible for the experience. So the translation shows no compunction to make the passage as inspirationally meaningful as possible. Therefore, it skips ahead from the first crack and initial crumbling to a total disintegration (“sammenbrudd”). This collapses the time frame in order to psychologically shorten the prospect of invasion, and ties in well with the general aim of boosting the morale of the occupied country.

### **“Norwegian” characters**

Norwegian readers of the clandestine wartime edition read Steinbeck’s novel as a text about themselves, as has been pointed out before. They probably would have identified with the occupied people in the English-language edition as well, but the translation has made this identification even more accessible, in a number of ways. The translation, even more than the original text, aims for a picture of a resourceful and strong population, a positive point of identification for its Norwegian readership. It has a strong focus on encouraging resistance, both active and passive, and this has probably steered the composition of the TT in for instance the following:

”This might be a bitter people.” (16)  
”Det skulle ikke undre meg om dette blir et umedgjørlig folk.” (21)

There is more than a difference in degree between being “bitter” and being intractable (“umedgjørlig”). A bitter people may take its bitterness in many directions, becoming intractable is only one of them – bitterness might cause inaction, depression or hopelessness, too. The translator chooses not allow those possibilities, in order not to weaken the general direction and purpose of this text . Where bitterness may be perceived as a more passive and inward-looking state, intractability is turned towards the outside world, and though not proactive, it is at least reactive – there are limits to what this people is willing to accept, and the invader can not count on cooperation.

The more strength and vigour is demonstrated on one side, the more it takes for the other side to subdue it – and if that is not clear in the ST, it can be added in the TT, in the

form of an overly proactive cook, when the Mayor's cook, Annie, throws hot water on soldiers who irritate her:

"Was anyone hurt?" Lanser asked

"Yes, sir, scalded, and one man bitten. We are holding her, sir." (18)

"Kom noen til skade?" spurte Lanser.

"Ja, herr oberst. To skåldet og én mann bitt. Vi tvholder på henne." (24)

A superhumanly strong and resourceful woman pitted against a weaker but much more numerous enemy? There is an implication of more intractability and drive in scalding two men than potentially just one; the number of scalded soldiers is unspecified in the original and also not contextually recoverable. There is also a strong sense of Annie's fierceness (and a potential question mark concerning to the soldiers' manliness), in "vi tvholder på henne"; we are after all talking about just one woman, and the level of force involved seems to be more than should be required for a normal detention of a suspect. With even a simple cook demonstrating willpower and fearless resistance like that, the implication is that the little town with a garrison of twelve soldiers may not be so easy to hold after all, even with a well-trained force. This inspirational message is followed up through the translation:

You really think replacements will come, Captain? (67)

De tror altså at vi får forsterkninger, kaptein? (78)

How do replacements ("avløsning") differ from reinforcements ("forsterkninger")? It can easily be argued that a need for reinforcements is an indication of the strength of the resistance and the persistent will of the occupied people, signalling that the people's endurance may eventually exhaust the enemy's resources. Conversely, replacements signal the projected longevity of the occupation, where proper rotation schedules are in place for the troops involved.<sup>47</sup> A pro-resistance morale-building text would rather tell its target audience that they are strong, impressively unrelenting and generally a force to be reckoned with, than tell them that whatever circumstances they are in now are likely to last, since the enemy may rotate forces in and out of the country indefinitely.

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<sup>47</sup> The other need for "replacements" is of course in case of casualties, but that is not the case in the situation above. The difference between the two terms was, however, an issue during the war: "Training for infantry fighting, few American soldiers [in the Second World War] were tough-minded enough to accept the full, awful implications of the term *replacement* in the designation of their Replacement Training Centers. (The proposed euphemism *reinforcement* never caught on.) What was going to happen to the soldiers they were being trained to replace? Why should so many "replacements" – hundreds of thousands of them, actually – be required?" Paul Fussell, *Wartime*, p 279.

The gallery of characters on the “Norwegian” side has no character with the strength and roundedness of Colonel Lanser. But the various anti-occupation acts of the “Norwegian” characters, come off well in Steinbeck’s original text, but even better in translation. This holds true whether they be they simplistic knee-jerk reactions to personal provocation like Annie the cook, proud (though meaningless) defence of personal dignity like Alex Morden’s killing of a soldier, or the mayor’s death for the dignity of a principle, they all. As will be explored in more depth in the next chapter, there is a pattern of what I have called *doubling*, for want of a better word, running through the translation: using a coordinate, two-part construction in the translation for a simple construction in the source text, where one would have sufficed and the pair together often introduces elements of meaning that cannot be located in the source text at all. One instance of this, however, goes directly to the characterisation of one of the main players, Alex Morden. This is Mayor Orden talking to Alex during his summary trial:

“Yours was the first clear act.” (54)

”De var den første som handlet åpent og djervt.” (63)

The focus shifts from act to actor, as well from a descriptive statement that *functions* as praise, to clearly verbalised praise. There is no overt reference to courageousness (*djervt*) in the source text, so a faithful translation without ideological or propagandistic intent would not need more than *klar* (clear), *faktisk* (actual), or *virkelig* (real). The Norwegian rendering in the target text is an effective piece of evaluative insertion that acts as encouragement to a reader who finds him/herself in a similar situation: however impulsively and unpremeditatedly you act, as long as it is directed against the Germans, it should and will be applauded. This is one part explicitation and one part evaluative addition. Additions of this type have been explained elsewhere as instances where “the translator gets carried away, as it were, in his empathy with or ‘envisionment’ of ST”<sup>48</sup>, a description that seems to fit very well with both textual evidence and real-world circumstances in the case of *Natt uten måne*. Never mind that retaliations are bound to hit innocent civilians, a fact which is clearly stated in source text and translation alike: “And understand this, please: we will shoot, five, ten, a hundred for one” (56) and “Og at De vet det, en gang for alle: vi skyter fem, ti, ja, hundre for én” (65). The translation nevertheless not-so-subtly maintains that occupation gives a moral carte blanche; as long as the act is designed to hit the enemy you have the people’s licence to act out your violent temper without negative consequences to your standing in the community. It is of

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<sup>48</sup> Linn Øverås, ”In search of the third code. An investigation of norms in literary translation”, in *Working papers in applied linguistics* (4), 1998, pp 100-127; p 115

course doubtful whether readers would themselves go out directly and act in the same way as a consequence of reading a novel. But the fact remains that one of the most popular pieces of literature during the German occupation naïvely cheers and condones this type of self sacrifice, and views it as implicit proof of both the freedom and the courage of so-called *free men*. The development of the story line indicates that acts like this one will come first, and air drops of explosives and then more organised resistance are just the next logical and honourable steps. But this open praise is the translator speaking, not the author and, interestingly, not the historical facts.

During the first two years of the occupation, organised sabotage in Norway was initiated mainly by the British Special Operations Executive (SOE), and carried out by Norwegian agents from Company Linge, and from 1941 (when Germany attacked the Soviet Union) by communist groups in Norway.<sup>49</sup> Until 1944, with the threat of forced mobilisation of Norwegian men as replacements in German units on the Eastern front, the Home Front remained sceptical of sabotage, not least because of the threat of retaliations against civilians. The active resistance scenario described in *The moon is down*, where civilians with the help of Allied air drops are given the means to sabotage German-controlled installations from very early on in the occupation, is fiction that precedes or anticipates fact. . Also, advocating active and organized resistance was at this point in the war also in direct contravention of *Milorg's*<sup>50</sup> policy on sabotage, which stated the necessity of having all actions cleared with its leadership beforehand.<sup>51</sup> Steinbeck's fictional call to arms is of course not bound by a historical chronology that is only apparent to us in hindsight, but the fact remains that the original text does not go as far as the translation in attaching positive value to violence. It is the translation that most strongly encourages the people not to be passive:

*If there is organization among these people, we have to find it, we have to stamp it out.* (96) (Loft)

*Hvis det finnes en hemmelig organisasjon i denne byen, så må vi oppspore den og*

<sup>49</sup> Arnfinn Moland, *Sabotasje i Norge under 2. verdenskrig* (Oslo: Norges Hjemmefrontmuseum, 1987)

<sup>50</sup> The main Norwegian resistance movement, from 1941 integrated with the exiled Norwegian High Command and from late in 1942 coordinating with the SOE.

<sup>51</sup> "Forfatteren Helge Krogh vakte i 1969 voldsomt oppstyr da han i sin bok "*6-kolonne*" - ? anklaget den norske storindustrien for viktige bidrag til Nazi-Tysklands krigføring og for å ha påvirket Hjemmefrontens ledelse til å hindre sabotasje. Anklagene ble avvist av historikere og politikere. Men hadde han rett? Er dette forklaringen på Milorgs forbud mot sabotasje fram til høsten 1944? Var det slik at det faktisk ble inngått avtaler om å "frede" bedrifter som produserte for tyskerne?", Lars Borgersrud, "Kronikk: Fredet Hjemmefronten bedrifter mot sabotasje?", <http://nrk.no/programmer/tv/brennpunkt/1.7051797>, accessed 2 April, 2010

*utslette den.* (109)  
(my emphases)

Had the lines above not fit the general pattern and direction of the translation so well, they might easily have been read as a simple case of misunderstanding the original. In the original, the passage is not about *an* organisation per se, but about the *act* of organising as a preamble to the establishment of *an* organisation that aims to undermine the force of occupation. Grammatically, *organization* (action nominal, uncountable) in the source text and *organisasjon* (“organisation”, product nominal use, countable) in the target text are both deverbal nouns, but the former is uncountable, precisely because it is closer to the verb it derives from, while the latter is countable, and refers to a group, association, or alliance. Logically, then, the verbal action described in the source text noun precedes the more purely nominal noun in the target text. Wanting to curb any attempt at organising among the occupied population is logical, from the point of view of the occupation force; the people should not have a chance to organise – this line of thought is common enough in oppressive forms of government. In the translation, however, the action seems to have been pushed forward; its “organisasjon” is a lot more concrete. In other words, the translation text treats the *act* as if it were already the *result* of the act, additionally specifying that it is a “hemmelig” (secret) organisation. The source text seems to carry a more sober warning of the consequences of organising resistance. The corresponding Norwegian passage, however, is turned into a subtle encouragement to the readers to take that important step further from a vague and impulsive resistance to organised, secret resistance.

A similar technique is used at a later stage, in a description of the reactions when the Mayor is arrested. The people here actually behave in opposite ways in the original and in the translation:

“Almost as though at a signal the people *went into* their houses and the doors were closed, the streets were quiet” (103)  
“Nesten som på et signal *forlot* folk sine hus og dørene ble låst, og gatene lå øde” (116) (my emphases).

Aside from the riddle of where the people actually went in the target text, since they went out while the streets remained empty, the main point of interest is that the target text has the people enter the public arena, not shy away from it. This is synonymous with action – when symbolic events happen, the message seems to be, one ought to act, not withdraw.

Other adjustments to an already positive characterisation of the “Norwegians” are also made in the translation. Introducing cohesive markers is one way:



“I am the Mayor. I don’t understand many things.” (43)

”Jeg er byens borgermester. Men det er mange ting jeg ikke forstår.” (51)

Research has indicated that “translators rely less on the reader’s ability to make the text cohere and resort, to a greater extent than original texts, to cohesion”.<sup>52</sup> Cohesion is here understood as “the surface expression of coherence relations”<sup>53</sup>, and cohesive markers “can be used to facilitate and possibly control the interpretation of underlying semantic relations”. The ST posits Mayor Orden as a simple and humble character, bewildered by many of the formal aspects of his office, but also as a man who harbours no doubts about the utmost responsibilities of his position as the elected leader of a democratic people. The relative smallness of his character, fussed over by his wife and relying on his friend Dr Winter for clarification, may have seemed too unheroic. With the translation’s insertion of the cohesive marker “men” (but), a contrastive element is included that is not grounded in the original text, and that also makes explicit the translator’s interpretation of what the logical connection ought to be between the two sentences. With the cohesive marker signalling the desired interpretational direction in Orden’s self description above, the Norwegian text posits a prouder man who is nevertheless willing to admit to certain shortcomings. The TT in essence says that mayoralty not only confers leadership, but is also based on knowledge and insight – and that Orden is enough of a man to admit that his insight is not total.

Desperate times apparently called for desperate translational measures. Vidkun Quisling’s continued presence in Norway and his ascent to *Ministerpräsident* in early 1942 must surely have played a part in shaping this translation. When the Anders boys are preparing to leave for England, they plan to take Mr Corell with them and dump him in the sea. Here is Mayor Orden, then Tom Anders:

I wish you didn’t have to. (81)

Jeg skulle ønske dere ikke gjorde det. (93)

No, it’s better if he [Mr Corell] goes to sea. [...] He’ll go to sea, ma’am. (82)

Nei, det er best om han går på sjøen. [...] På sjøen skal han. (94)

Bemoaning the fact that they “have to” take Mr Corell with them in the ST confers on the act a force of necessity, implying that the population of the town is an organism that must rid itself of something harmful, and as belonging to that organism, the two boys are not so much acting out of choice as out of a clear view of responsibility for the common good. The TT,

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<sup>52</sup> Linn Øverås, “In search of the third code. An investigation of norms in literary translation”, in *Working papers in applied linguistics* (4), 1998, pp 100-127; p 109

<sup>53</sup> Mona Baker, *In other words, a coursebook on translation* (London: Routledge, 1992), p 218

however, in this case seems to lay undue emphasise on the individual “free man”-aspect of the novel: here, the Mayor can only comment on a decision that has already been made. The two Anders boys do not “have to” out of responsibility to the community, but rather, they have made up their minds as free men to get rid of Mr Corell. Then, there is the matter of how this is going to happen – “go to sea” is euphemistic to a degree that “gå på sjøen” is not, even though that, too, has a hedging element in that it denotes a form of suicide, not murder. To “go to sea” has a parallel construction in Norwegian, “gå til sjøs”, whereas English as far as I have been able to ascertain has nothing parallel to *å gå på sjøen*, killing yourself by jumping into the sea, except the verb “drown yourself”. Forced suicide, in this case, is a more desperate linguistic measure than just implying that someone disappears at sea.

## Conclusion

War studies teach that in order for an intervention force to restore a working peaceful society in areas racked by internal conflicts, to strive to be *neutral* may be to fail all parties in the conflict, whereas *impartiality* may serve each in the best possible way. For a translator, neutrality and impartiality may overlap and work out to the satisfaction of all involved, and it is a viable option also when translating text that is itself partial or may be intended to sway opinions in one direction or another. But the translation we are dealing with here chooses an overall pattern of polarisation where the source text has sliding scales and variety across a spectrum of possibilities, not least in regards to characterisation.

Subverting the image of characters in translation by altering their salient features creates a text that is more unbalanced than the original. The nuanced portrait of the enemy and the psychology of occupation is in my opinion what made this novel an important and successful text in its original language, and also what empowers it to still be effective today.<sup>54</sup> When this is undermined in translation, in favour of polarised versions of “Norwegians” and “Germans”, its effect is different. If that is what it takes to bolster morale, it seems to raise the question whether conflict as serious as this actually allows for nuance in its literature. It also grimly illustrates how the dangers of using embedded translators are not seen only in real-life theatres of war in Iraq or Former Yugoslavia.<sup>55</sup> The townspeople Steinbeck created had their flaws and their less than heroic moments, just as the occupation forces in *The moon is down*

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<sup>54</sup> *The Moon is Down* has for many years been a set text in English at the Norwegian Military Academy, for its depiction of the psychology of occupation and its effects on both occupier and occupied.

<sup>55</sup> See for instance Mila Dragovic-Drouet, “The practice of translation and interpreting during the conflicts in the Former Yugoslavia 1991-1999”, in Myriam Salama-Carr (ed), *Translating and interpreting conflict* (Amsterdam: Rodopi, 2007), pp 29-40, or Jerry Palmer, “Interpreting and translating for Western media in Iraq”.

are not a grey mass but individuals with individual characteristics. Most of the soldiers arrive with a naïve faith in progress through the introduction of a new regime that will be beneficial to all. But as propaganda goes, polarisation is more the norm than the exception. Believing that the enemy is one-dimensional, and that it will be only a passing phase before the invader is accepted and celebrated is not unknown in the new millennium, either. Seventy years later, the various invasion troops of our day still often believe that they will be received as liberators and march through jubilant crowds in flower-strewn streets. The original text's true accomplishment lies in questioning such illusions.

## Chapter 3:

### Patterns of style and translational strategies

The relation of relevant similarity between source and target text is not given in advance, but takes shape within the mind of the translator under a number of constraints, the most important of which is the purpose of the translated text and the translating act.<sup>56</sup>

This chapter deals with patterned stylistic differences between original and translation. The style of a text can be defined with Kirsten Malmkjær as

a consistent and statistically significant regularity of occurrence in text of certain items and structures, or types of items and structures, among those offered by the language as a whole.<sup>57</sup>

In her studies of Dulcken's translations of Hans Christian Andersen, Malmkjær works from the idea that where a creative writer is "fairly free", a translator "commits to a willing suspension of freedom to invent, so to speak,"<sup>58</sup> and the purpose of the translation may answer many of the questions pertaining to the style of the translated text. Textual representation is not random, it consists of motivated choices that aim for a particular effect. And in the case of a translated text, it is important to bear in mind that there lies a particular motivation and intention, not undifferentiated arbitrariness, behind both of the textual operations that created it: behind the source text as well as behind the translation. The translation is the sum of motivated choices made by the translator, based on what choices went into the source text, but also to a very high degree on the purpose and function of the new text. And so "omissions, additions and alterations may indeed be justified, but only in relation to intended meaning."<sup>59</sup> The overall focus of this study is to identify and explain linguistic patterns in the 1942 translation of *The moon is down* and link them to a wider historical, cultural and linguistic context. The analysis has so far shown that the intended function of *Natt uten måne*, i.e. what it was meant to do once it had been smuggled across the border into wartime Norway, has borne heavily on the surface (textual) realization of the translation, and in ways that are specific to its historical moment. The historical context can be shown again and again to have steered the translation's relationship with the original text in a proto-Norwegian direction,

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<sup>56</sup> Chesterman, *Contrastive functional analysis*, p 27

<sup>57</sup> Kirsten Malmkjær, "Translational stylistics: Dulcken's analysis of Hans Christian Andersen", in *Language and literature* 2004, 13, p 14

<sup>58</sup> Malmkjær, "Translational stylistics", p 15

<sup>59</sup> Basil Hatim and Ian Mason, *Discourse and the translator* (Harlow: Longman, 1990), p 12

with emphasis on strengthening national pride and endurance. This has been demonstrated through the analysis of textual remainders and of polarized character descriptions. Both of these access the most profound levels of national sentiment in the prospective host culture.

But other linguistic patterns in the translation also deserve attention, in view of the quotation above. In my close reading and comparison of this translation with its source text, there were three other variations from the original that emerged as “consistent and statistically significant” and thus *stylistic* variations:

- *semantic shifts* in the translation, shifts which here typically present as *intensification* or “*effect for cause*”;
- *repetition* (or the absence thereof);
- and what I have called *doubling*, which again comprises patterns of *binomials* and of *explicitation*.

These are the focus of the present chapter, which will investigate whether and how it may be possible to see these as reflections of the “the purpose of the translated text and the translating act”; i.e. whether these characteristic stylistic differences between our source text and target text may be seen as stemming from or underpinning the intended function of the new text.

### **Semantic shifts, lexical intensification and “effect for cause”: the trial**

To study translation in isolation from the factors affecting their production is [...] to miss out an important dimension of the phenomenon. In fact, the social context of translating is probably a more important variable than the textual genre.<sup>60</sup>

The trial of Alex Morden in chapters 3 and 4, for killing a soldier from the occupation force, forms a central part of the novel. The original text portrays a courageous and impulsive individualist, a “free man” representing a facet of the unbreakable spirit of his country. At the same time, it balances this against a portrait of the enemy as comprised of individuals capable of both humanity and pedantry, as I have already mentioned in the previous chapter. In translation, the trial also represents a most interesting (though by no means the only) showcase for two related patterns of variant renderings of the source text material, semantic shifts that come either in the form of *reinforcement/intensification* of the meaning, what I have called *lexical intensification*, or in the form of “*effect for cause*”. These two linguistic patterns may be seen as stemming from a fundamental distrust in the power of the source text

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<sup>60</sup> Hatim and Mason, *Discourse and the translator*, p 13

to excite and influence the new audience in the foreign language, if translated more closely. The first of these patterns is realized through “reinforcing” the lexicon of the source text. By reinforcing I here mean selecting from the same semantic field as the source text, but opting for less neutral, more serious or more loaded words or phrases, in order to slant the text towards heightened drama and stronger emotional appeal. Thus, the original “trial” becomes *krigsrett* (court martial) in translation. The second pattern is a particular type of explicitation: the target text spells out the effect or end state where the original only encoded the cause or process leading *towards* an end state, as when to *try* a person before a court – a process – is translated as *dømme* (sentencing or convicting) – a result. Both of these semantic shift patterns are particularly noticeable in a close comparative reading of the trial of Alex Morden. I will investigate the patterns in some detail, to illustrate just how pervasive and effective they are when the social context is war and the general aim of the translation is to polarize and inspire to resistance, not to harmonize and inspire understanding.

The TT words “krigsrett” and “dømme” will be the focus of the following analysis. Taken together, the translations of these two central concepts in chapters 3 and 4 of the novel are central to an understanding of how the conflict in the target culture, a conflict that is portrayed in the text as well, is made to appear even more serious in translation: as the language is made sharper the mood gets darker. The following extract illustrates them both:

”They’re going to hold a *trial*. [...] They are going to *try* Alexander Morden.” (40)  
 ”De skal holde *krigsrett*. [...] De skal *dømme* Alexander Morden.” (48)  
 (my emphases)

When what is clearly designated a *trial* in the original is rendered as a *court martial* in the translation, the text moves from comparatively neutral territory to a more loaded field. This evolves into a pattern of using reinforced, more marked or negatively connoted words or phrases from the same semantic field as the expression chosen in the original text. This device is related to the use of Norwegian remainders discussed in chapter 1, in the sense of going beyond the unmarked solution and opting for one that is more marked. However, in the case of remainders, it was marked for domestic culture. Here, it does not strengthen domestic identification, as the remainders did, but it heightens the drama and urgency of the text.

The second phenomenon, which is illustrated above in the leap from *try* to *dømme*, is also found so frequently in this translation as to merit being called a pattern. If a person is about to be tried before a court, a verdict has still not fallen – the trial is only the process, at the end of which a defendant is ultimately found guilty *or* not guilty and potentially

convicted. This holds even if it is a mock trial held for formality's sake and with a predetermined outcome. But the Norwegian text has interpreted and explicitated: *dømme* carries none of the process and all of the finality of conviction in it. It covers several verbs from the judicial domain, such as *convict* and *sentence*, but what it does not cover is the legal process leading there. The neutral equivalent of ST "try" in the present context would be Norwegian *stille for retten*. *Dømme* is also the verb form of *dom*, in English *verdict* or *sentence*. In other words, the effect or end state appears in translation where the process or cause was used in the source text.

A trial possibly – or in this case most certainly – results in a conviction. But that potential end state has taken the place of the process in the Norwegian text, and not for reasons inherent in the language system. The leap from "trial" to "krigsrett" (court martial) is a long leap in terms of connotations. There is nothing in the source text to substantiate the choice of "krigsrett", literally "war court", apart from the fact that there is a war and there is a court. Still, the instances abound: in English, we find "trial" (43, 48, 49), "court" (51), and "military court" (52), whereas the Norwegian text has "krigsrett" across the board (51, 56, 58, 60, 62), also in cases like:

*The court* was in session. (51)  
*Krigsretten* var satt. (60)

*This military court* finds ... (52)  
*Krigsretten* finner ... (62)  
 (my emphases)

Norwegian *krigsrett* is a concept that – like "court martial" in English – relates to international law and conventions, and does not apply to just any court proceedings taking place during a war. Rather, it is used about a specifically military setting, namely the trial of military personnel who are subject to military law, and also the trial of prisoners of war, in accordance with the Geneva Conventions. In neither language does it include the trial of non-combatant civilians. And "prisoner of war" is similarly not just any prisoner captured during a war, but is specifically used about military personnel captured in uniform by enemy forces during or in the immediate aftermath of an armed conflict. An unarmed non-combatant is not a prisoner of war and also would not face court martial or *krigsrett*. Although the Geneva Conventions are often conveniently dated to 1949, i.e. after both the Second World War and the publication and translation of *The moon is down*, it actually consists of four conventions, three of which predate the war, and three additional protocols. The convention concerning the

treatment of prisoners of war was originally dated 1929, and of course originated in experience from the First World War.<sup>61</sup> It is therefore unlikely that the choice of *krigsrett* is grounded in actual use, and more likely that it stems from the overtly propagandistic purpose of the translation.

The only case that can be made for turning what is in literal translation a *rettssak* (trial) in a *rett* (court) into a *krigsrett* is to instigate a psychological response of fear and justified anger that may potentially motivate to action. The combination of *krig* and *rett* (*war* and *court*) for a layman does not only link a source of terror and fear with an institution of justice, but having Alexander Morden face a *krigsrett* for his actions also taps into a deep-seated idea of a free man's right to defend himself against oppression - and considerably more so than putting him through a trial/*rettssak*. It makes Alex Morden much more of a martyr for a just cause. It thus aims to motivate a reader to act against the oppressor precisely by pointing out the injustice of the oppressor's predictable response to such action.

Jumping from (arguably mock or show) trial to (inevitable) sentencing may be a logical step, under the circumstances, but it is an interpretative step that should be made by the reader, not by the translator – the translator has taken on the role of end user of the translation product when he has Molly Morden say:

“They say that Alex is to be *tried* and shot.” (44)  
”Folk sier at Alex skal *dømmes* og skytes.” (52)  
(my emphases)

Depriving the reader of the chance to make this interpretation herself represents a weakening of the interpretative potential and thus possibly the literary quality of the text, but it may have worked well, of course, in the host culture at the time of the illegal distribution of the translated text. If the aim is “the systematic propagation of a doctrine or cause or of information reflecting the views and interests of those advocating such a doctrine or cause”<sup>62</sup>, leaving too much space for readerly manoeuvres must have been deemed counterproductive. The same apparently goes for Molly Morden's words to Mayor Orden:

“It will be your words that send him out.” (44)  
”At han skal stilles mot muren på Deres ord.” (52)

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<sup>61</sup> The earliest of the original conventions concern the treatment of the wounded and sick in the field and at sea, dated, respectively, 1864 and 1906 in their original forms. Then after the First World War came the convention regarding the treatment of prisoners of war, originally dated 1929.

<sup>62</sup> Definition of “propaganda”, *The American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language*, Fourth Edition (New York: Houghton Mifflin), 2000/2009.



The translation leaps ahead in (textual) time – from passing the sentence and ordering the prisoner out to be executed, to placing the convicted man against the wall in front of the firing squad. Thus it rams home the fact that he will be put to death. By verbalising the image of the execution scene, this passage does more, too: it pushes the character of Molly Morden into a harder and more confrontational mode, depriving her of the degree of self-protective euphemism present in “send him out”, though still stopping short of actually verbalising his being killed. “Muren” (the wall) linguistically blocks her from the actual killing – she stops there, but she is closer than she was in the English text.

At this point in the analysis, it may seem like the translation of the English verb *try* is consistently *dømme* in this section of the novel, but that is not the case. Other solutions are also found in the Norwegian text, but crucially, these are solutions that also present the situation in verbally aggravated form, like in the following examples:

But why do they *try* him? [...] Why must they *try* him... (43)  
 ”Men hvorfor skal de *slepe ham for krigsrett*? [...] Hvorfor skal de så *holde rett over ham*... (51)  
 (my emphases)

The first of these two, “*slepe ham for krigsrett*”, literally “drag him before a court martial”, through the use of the metaphor conjures up the image of an either broken or heavily resisting defendant being physically dragged into the court room – and of course it is a court martial again. The second goes in the other direction; *holde rett over* is a rare and archaic form of expression, documented in the National Library of Norway in only four texts apart from *Natt uten måne* itself: one translation of a Polish text that is set in the mid-fifteenth century, which is arguably a motivation for choosing an archaic form; one text from 1760; one original Norwegian text from 1941 and a translation from Icelandic from 1951.<sup>63</sup> *Holde rett over* sounds most closely affiliated with solemn, biblical expressions like *holde dom over*, cf Ezekiel 25:11: “Jeg vil *holde dom over Moab*”<sup>64</sup>. This allusive excursion into a pseudo-

<sup>63</sup> Andrzej Szczypiorski, *En messe for byen Arras* (1991), transl. Jan Brodal; Ludewig Ferdinand Rømer, *Tilforladelig efterretning om kysten Guinea* (1760); Realph Norland, *Ridderen og munken* (1941); Halldór Kiljan Laxness, *Islands klokke* (1951), transl. Wilhelm Kaurin. National Library of Norway, <http://www.nb.no/utlevering/nb/21cc1c6eeb6f954eae39621381667d8>, accessed 15 June, 2010. A warm thanks to Professor Ruth Vatvedt Fjeld for help in locating this.

<sup>64</sup> A quick search reveals that the expression is carried over from the Bible text proper to sermons and other related uses in Norwegian, from encyclopedias like *Store Norske Leksikon*, <http://www.snl.no/dommedag>, via the Norwegian state church <http://www.kirken.no/?FamID=8314&event=showwordFolder> to the Norwegian chapter of a new religious cult like the Unification Church of Sun Myung Moon: <http://www.enhet.no/dpl403.php>. Most English-language Bibles here either “inflict punishment” or “execute judgments” upon Moab. All sites accessed 12 April, 2010

biblical register – in the sense of “a syndrome, or cluster of associated variants”<sup>65</sup> – would be motivated in terms of its affective power on readers in an extremely serious situation where fear, anger and doomsday associations would be close at hand.

There is in Steinbeck’s text one very prominent and noticeable instance of using a noticeably more elevated register, a register that clearly stands out from the main body of the text. In the final chapter of the novel, with Mayor Orden’s execution only minutes away, Winter, Orden and eventually also Colonel Lanser recite passages from Socrates’ *Apology*. But there is a fundamental difference between quoting Socrates on the one hand, and the intrusion of a biblical tone in the Norwegian translation of the scenes in connection with the trial on the other: the former is grounded in the source text and comes in the form of direct quotation. In marked contrast to the biblical allusion in the trial scenes, this has its internal justification in both character drawing and in an overriding theme of the novel: the human faces on both sides of the conflict and the unbreakability of the human spirit. Through the original text runs an emphasis on how much unites the two sides, both in terms of their shared humanity and, as here, in terms of the characters’ shared cultural background, exemplified by a shared classical education and the horizon of understanding it provides. In many cases, as we have seen, this emphasis is consistently being undermined in translation. The pathos of Socrates in the Norwegian text is faithful to the original, whereas the heightened biblical pathos of *holde rett over* is unwarranted except in light of the purpose of the translation. This, I hope to have demonstrated, is consistent with the pattern of intensifying shifts in this crucial section of the text.

### **Repetition in the source text: to repeat or not to repeat, that’s the question**

The days and the weeks *dragged on*, and the months *dragged on*. The snow *fell* and *melted* and *fell* and *melted* and finally *fell* and stuck. (57)

Dagene og ukene *slepte seg av sted*, og *langsomt gikk* månedene. Sneen *falt* og den *smeltet*, det *snedde* og det *tinte*, og til slutt ble sneen liggende. (67)  
(my emphases)

Steinbeck uses repetition for mimetic effect – *dragged on, dragged on, fell, melted, fell, melted, fell*. If the novel as a whole could very easily be called stylistically clumsy and nowhere near his highest literary achievements in terms of style, at least this passage is an intentional repetition that accentuates the spirit of the whole paragraph, which describes how

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<sup>65</sup> MAK Halliday, “The construction of knowledge and value in the grammar of scientific discourse: with reference to Charles Darwin’s *The origin of species*”, in J. Webster (ed), *Linguistic studies of text and discourse, Collected words of MAK Halliday* (London: Continuum, 2002), p 168

monotonously uneventful life under occupation may be. Even the weather and the changing seasons are made to appear monotonous but, and this is the key, indomitably *persistent*. The snow actually is a mimetic representation of the performance of any resistance movement: attack the oppressor, be repelled, attack again until you succeed. Not least in retrospect, which is our privilege, of course, this also prefigures the Norwegian resistance movement, which was not yet very active at the time of writing. This effect is gone from the Norwegian translation, since the effect of repetition has been abandoned in favour of a superficially more pleasing variation – *slepte seg avsted, langsomt gikk, falt, smeltet, snedde, tinte, ble liggende* – that captures absolutely nothing of the monotony and dull routine that follows the initial confusion and frenzy of invasion and occupation. Stylistically, but also specifically in terms of the intention behind the act of translation and publication, this is a lost translational opportunity to signal linguistically that persistence will eventually bring results.

The *cold* hatred ... the whole population turned *coldly* obedient... (57)

Det *isnende* hatet...hele befolkningen viste en *kald* lydighet... (68)

And the hatred *was deep* in the eyes of the people... (58)

Og hatet *ulmet* i folks øyne...(68)

(my emphases)

With the loss of word repetition comes a loss of cohesive ties as well as a loss of emphasis. Cold links to snow, and thus further to one of the central remainders in the translation, namely the weather. There is also another problem with rejecting for the stable “cold” metaphor. If coldness is to be efficient both as cohesive tie and as a consistent metaphor, as it is in the source text, *isnende* is arguably at least within the same metaphorical universe, although it veers away from the absolute repetition in Steinbeck’s original. But the coldness of *isnende* (icy) hatred is neutralised by the word *ulmende* (smoldering) just a few sentences further down, and the result is at best lukewarm. Another cohesive opportunity is lost in the phrase

... the *cold* faces behind the curtains. (68)

... de *ubevegelige* ansiktene bak gardinene. (79)

where the explicitation in the Norwegian text is idiomatically acceptable, but does nothing for textual cohesion or lexicosemantic unity. The two do not necessarily map onto the same textual terrain, an immovable (“ubevegelig”) face need not be cold, and a cold face need not be immovable. “Ubevegelig” may arguably also be semantically narrower in scope than “cold”, because it is more specific.

It is not only on the level of single words that the translation chooses not to repeat, but also on sentence level, where either a near-duplicate sentence is left out entirely, as in the examples from pages 67/78 below, or a sentence that is a semantic duplicate of the preceding one is left out (68/79). The difference in the target text's approach to the two types of non-repetition is interesting, however. When it comes to single words, the source text word is simply replaced, by a synonym or not, as the case may be, while on sentence level, the source text's repetitions may simply be replaced by a zero solution in Norwegian, with the effect of making the speakers seem more controlled. In case of non-repetition of sentences spoken by characters, the effect is different according to which side of the conflict the characters are found. The majority of the sentences that are repeated in the original but not in the translation are lines spoken by characters from the enemy side, and the repetitions originally signal a high level of distress:

Don't start that again! Don't let him get out of hand again! (67)  
 Begynn nå ikke på det der igjen! (78)

Prackle said nervously, "I wish you'd make him shut up. I wish you would shut him up. Make him stop it." (68)  
 Prackle sa nervøst: "Gid De kunne stoppe munnen på ham. Gid De kunne stoppe munnen på ham." (79)

This feeds into the stereotype of the cold, inhumanly controlled Germans discussed in the previous chapter: super-human emotional control is signalled through lack of repetition. On the other side of the conflict line, Steinbeck has also given Norwegian" characters repeated lines, though considerably fewer instances are found here. When again the translator opts not to reproduce the pattern of repetition, the effect when read by Norwegians is not so much to signal super-human control of emotion, but rather dignity and self-restraint:

I am afraid, I am terribly afraid ... (106) (Mayor Orden before his execution)  
 Jeg er forferdelig redd ... (119)

Avoiding a double dose of fear in the face of death, the translation moves on to Steinbeck's final speechifying with more haste than is actually warranted in the original.

### **Doubling: take two, pay for one**

In the previous section, we saw how the translation refrained from using repetition where the target text employed a strategy of repeating words or phrases for a particular effect. This section will analyse what may seem like the opposite. One pattern that emerged very clearly

in a close comparative reading of *The moon is down* and *Natt uten måne* was a tendency in the translation to create solutions that “doubled” the corresponding items in the source text. The translator has chosen again and again to translate a single item in the source text as a compound item or two separate items in the target text. I found this both impossible to overlook and extremely difficult to offer any kind of explanatory comment on. It seemed like a hall-of-mirrors effect, and for a longish time, I was nearly convinced that there might be no other explanation for this trait than the translator’s idiosyncrasy. Then I read Gideon Toury’s analysis of a translation into Hebrew of a German text, where he also identified several of the features that puzzled me in *Natt uten måne*, including one of the two types of “doubled” solutions I found in this translation, namely *binomials* – defined as

conjoint phrases of synonyms or near-synonyms [that] consist in two (occasionally more than two) (near)-synonymous items of the same part of speech, combined to form a single functional unit. For instance, English *able and talented, law and order...*<sup>66</sup>

The other type is *doubling as explicitation*, either broad or subtle (and potentially resulting in redundancy). They will be considered separately as they are seen to serve different purposes both intratextually and extratextually.

### **Doubling through binomials**

The binomials or conjoined (near)-synonyms to be analyzed here are all to some degree lexicalized. Lexicalization can be defined in the following way:

The treatment of a formerly freely composed, grammatically regular, and semantically transparent phrase or inflected form as a formally and semantically idiomatic expression.<sup>67</sup>

In examples like the next two, the coordinated noun phrases in the Norwegian text are either fully lexicalized, as in

Yes, we could fight his *rest*, then. (84)  
Ja, da kan vi sørge for at de aldri får *rist eller ro*. (97) (my emphases)

or near-lexicalized, as in

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<sup>66</sup> Toury, *Descriptive translation studies*, p 103. In a footnote, he also mentions how this same phenomenon has been called “repetitive word pairs” and “tautological word pairs”.

<sup>67</sup> Merriam-Webster Online Dictionary, <http://www.merriam-webster.com/dictionary/lexicalization> , accessed 30 March, 2010

“We must have help, but if we get it” – his face grew *very hard* – “if we get it, we will help ourselves.” (84)

...ansiktet hans ble *hardt og innbitt*... (96)

(Mayor Orden about the how two Anders boys should ask British authorities to send back weapons, once they reach England; my emphases)

Whereas “rist eller ro” (literally, the sentence reads “yes, we can then make sure they get no rest or quiet”) is so idiomatic as to have an effect similar to a textual remainder when it comes to domesticating the text, “hardt og innbitt” (hard and determined) collocates often enough to be regarded as near-lexicalised in Norwegian. Instead of the adverbial of degree, the translator has utilised a construction that performs some of the same function, and more importantly, by adding “innbitt” (determined), made sure to emphasise that the hardness comes from inner resolve to act decisively against the occupants. This contrasts with Colonel Lanser’s description of Mayor Orden:

Nonsense, [...] he’s just a simple man. (100)

Sludder, [...] han er en jevn og fredsommelig mann. (113)

The semantic discrepancy between “simple” and “jevn og fredsommelig” (even-tempered and peaceful/peace-loving) is considerable and has more to do with the systematic creation of more “heroic” Norwegians than with translating for equivalence. But that aspect is not the focus here; this doubled solution is similar to the one discussed above in that it is a true lexicalised expression, as opposed to what Toury calls “free combinations” and that are covered in the first two categories of binomials discussed in this chapter. The same goes for

Prackle, who *scribbled* on his pad of paper. (51)

Prackle *rablet og tegnet* på blokken sin. (60)

and

I suppose the *orders* are coming in from the capital? (98)

Det er vel kommet *ordrer og direktiver* fra hovedstaden? (110)

As regards the latter of these two, there are aspects of register failure here that mark this as simply inadequate translation – nobody talks like that, especially not in an informal situation like this conversation between Colonel Lanser and Major Hunter. The penchant for doubling here does nothing to improve idiomaticity, although the binomial itself is idiomatic: it adds neither to the cultural verisimilitude of the conversation nor to an appropriate representation of the source text, which has none of the formality that we find in the Norwegian text here. But what this type of misrepresentation of the original does is add to the stereotypical image

of Germans as an overly formal and rule-governed people, and thus it can be seen as most closely linked to the strategy of polarised characterisation.

This final type of double constructions consists, as we have seen, of juxtaposition of elements that commonly co-occur in Norwegian, and is thus comparable to Toury's study of translations into Hebrew, where he found an overabundance of binomial expressions which he speculated might be contributing to "enhanced Hebraity".<sup>68</sup> He hypothesizes that this "might represent a universal of translation into systems which are young, or otherwise 'weak'".<sup>69</sup> This is not the place to discuss the question of universals. And whether this is a trait found in other translations into Norwegian also lies beyond the scope of this investigation. But it is very interesting to think along the same lines as Toury does here - "young, or otherwise weak" are both adjectives that could fit the description of the prospective host culture for this translation. Not only was Norway a comparatively young nation, but it was also under more pressure than ever before or after, from the external circumstances. It is these circumstances – formal occupation of the nation as well as all the things that go with it, like censorship on printed material and a ban on the flag and other national symbols – that put everything Norwegian, including the language, in a very weak position.

### **Doubling as explication**

Though there are numerous examples of binomials that are not grounded in the source text, doubling is in the majority of the cases in this translation used as an explication device, covering two aspects of meaning that are both found in the corresponding source text. Consider the following passage:

"We still have coal *to take out*." (30)  
"Vår oppgave er å få kullene *utvunnet og skipet*." (37)  
(my emphases)

First of all, there seems to be no exact match between the two sentences. The semantic emphasis appears to have shifted noticeably between source text and target text, a shift away from focussing on the main motive for the whole occupation (securing the coal supply), and over to a specification of what that task technically involves; a literal back-translation reads "Our task is to get the coal extracted and shipped". Secondly, the original sentence reads more

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<sup>68</sup> Toury, *Descriptive translation studies*, p 106

<sup>69</sup> Toury, *Descriptive translation studies*, p 111

lightly, both in word length and in the semantic weight of the phrases. This corresponds to what Gideon Toury describes as a redistribution of information “from the changing ratio of semantic load vs. linguistic carriers”.<sup>70</sup> He points out that there is a case for seeing this as either creating a redundancy, *or* more positively, as contributing to an intensification of the information load. It could easily have been translated into Norwegian in a way that is both formally and semantically very close: “Vi har fortsatt kull å hente ut “. Forsaking this approach, and also abandoning any wholehearted attempt at semantic equivalence, it is only in one aspect of form that the translation here matches the original: at least a semblance of sentence-internal balance is attempted. Thus, with the choice of a much more word-long and meaning-heavy theme – “vår oppgave er” – there is also a need to balance it out with a semantically heavier rheme, expressed in longer words as well: “å få kullene utvunnet og skipet”. So a certain equilibrium in the sentence is the closest this comes to formal equivalence with the source text, and that equilibrium is realised through two semantically specific verbs, where the ST had only one verb with a very general meaning.

Explicitating double constructions are found in the place of ST single-word, single-phrase and single-sentence constructions, with corresponding two-word, two-phrase or two-sentence constructions. Some of the compound constructions come close to being tautological and only very subtly explicitates the corresponding source text elements, as seen in the near-tautological

“I must anticipate *revolt*.” (Lanser) (33)  
 ”Jeg må foregripe *oppstand og opptøyer*.” (41)

A conjoint phrase where the two elements are so near-synonymous may appear to create an extensive field of redundancy, given the extent of overlap between *oppstand* and *opptøyer*. In literal translation it means “insurrection and riots”, defined in the American Heritage Dictionary as, respectively, “the act or an instance of open revolt against civil authority or a constituted government” and “a wild or turbulent disturbance created by a large number of people”. Certainly, “oppstand og opptøyer” is not a common collocation, and it is tempting to speculate that it is because they share so many elements of meaning, though one of them may be considered a higher-level concept: riots often constitute *one element* of an insurrection, and they may indeed be part of a “revolt” against authorities. The two elements are not close enough to be tautological, but still overlap enough to create a disturbance in a native Norwegian reader.

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<sup>70</sup> Toury, *Descriptive translation studies*, p 106



The same kind of near-synonymy can be found on sentence level:

Corell said, a little smugly, "We have defeated them." (35)

Corell sa: "De er slått. Vi har seiret." (43)

The target text here drops the adverbial of manner completely, in favour of conveying the smugness through repetition of a very similar semantic content in two different sentences, each relaying similar content from a literally different perspective: "they are defeated" and "we have won". This phenomenon of translations employing conjoint (binomial) phrases that may "in extreme cases" be "completely tautological"<sup>71</sup> in their synonymity has been explored by Gideon Toury. He found that in addition to the cases where the source text used the same binomial structure, these phrases might also replace single items in the source text, as in the two instances above, or even be found where there is "*zero* lexical substance in the corresponding place in the source text, so that the phrases emerge as pure addition".<sup>72</sup> In our cases, there is nothing in the host language system that dictates this or stops the translator from opting for "Vi har beseiret/ slått/ overvunnet dem" as a direct translation of "We have defeated them", which would be the closest potential renderings of the original, maintaining its original structure as well as its semantic value. Structurally, both the ST and the TT would then present the following structure: subject/agens (personal pronoun) – auxiliary verb – main verb – direct object/patients (personal pronoun). But the effect of choosing a two-for-one construction over the solution with a descriptive adverbial + one declarative sentence here is actually to make Corell come off as even more smug, as he trips over himself to gloat in the perceived defeat of his country.

In one sense, then, it seems that the overexplicitness that is obtained through some of these double constructions pertains to the overall purpose of the novel more than to actual elements of it. Certain passages in the translation are more strongly marked by this doubling, probably since it was deemed of greater importance here not to miss out on a nuance in the rather inflammatory message of popular resistance and sabotage. This is very noticeable in the Norwegian rendering of the sabotage manual that is printed on the wrappers of the dynamite-and-chocolate packages that are airdropped into the region from British planes. The message starts off with an inspirational greeting, the central word of which is the adjective:

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<sup>71</sup> Toury, *Descriptive translation studies*, p 103

<sup>72</sup> Toury, *Descriptive translation studies*, p 106

To the *unconquered* people (94)  
Til det *erobrede* men *ubeseirede* folk (107)  
(my emphases)

Since *conquer* covers both *erobre* (take control over) and *beseire* (defeat) in Norwegian, the solution here both aims for greater precision, and thus explicitates the semantic load of the adjective, and adds extra emphasis to the greeting – telling the people that they may be conquered, but they are not defeated. Given the circumstances, wanting to emphasise the difference is not really surprising. In line with our previous examples of encouragement to active resistance and sabotage activity, the rest of the message is also rendered with the translator's eye more on the effect and practical usefulness of it for its readers than on pure equivalence; its readers are encouraged to use the explosives to

...tie up *transportation* (94)  
...stans *kommunikasjoner og transportmidler* (107)  
(my emphases)

A back-translation of the compound Norwegian noun phrase might have read simply *communications*, since that covers both the transfer and exchange of information (telephone, telegraph, etc) and transportation (roads, railway lines). So had the original said "tie up communications", the translation would have been more justified. "Kommunikasjoner og transportmidler" is an odd creation in Norwegian anyway, both because it is heavy and awkward in the context, and since the first element – literally *communications* – encompasses the second. It is tempting to speculate that in creating a longer phrase here the translation aims to point out how wide the spectrum of potential targets for sabotage really is. In the same section of the text, a further double construction that spells out the potential readings of the source text word supports this line of thought:

trucks (94)  
godsvogner...lastebiler (107)

That an American text would probably not use "truck" to refer to a "godsvogn" (which British English does) is one thing. If we chalk that up to a misunderstanding, we are still left with a case of explicitation that does not create redundancy, but rather precision in service of the practical message.

## Conclusion

The starting point for this chapter was the finding of three distinctive stylistic patterns in the translation that were not classifiable as remainders, and also not primarily character related. These three, I wanted to study in more detail, to find out where they occurred, what they did, and how that might reflect the overall aim of the text. In general, the analysis of these elements in *Natt uten måne* seems to support the idea that the overall purpose of the translation – inspiration and morale boosting – has ranked higher than literary norms or norms regarding translational accuracy, as reflected in the examples above. The various stylistic patterns analysed in this section can, despite their differences in manifestation, all be accounted for with reference to the purpose of the translation.

## Chapter 4:

### A retranslation of selected passages from *The moon is down*

#### Introduction

This study has shown that certain chapters from *The moon is down* are particularly interesting in their existing translation – they are the ones that have supplied more than their share of material for this analysis. These chapters describe the day of the invasion (chapter 1 of the source text), the main characters of the occupation force (chapter 2), the trial and execution of Alex Morden (chapter 4), and the air-drop of dynamite sticks (chapter 7). I have chosen portions of these for my mandatory pages of translation into Norwegian.

In the assessment of the wartime translation of this text into Norwegian, one crucial thing to bear in mind at all times has been that the source text, *The moon is down*, uses (a metonymic and only scantily disguised) Norway as shorthand for *any* occupied country, in order to say something universal about the human spirit under duress, something universal that can be used in specific situations for specific audiences at specific times. This means that there was a narrower aim for the translation than for the original. Translating the text into Norwegian again today represents yet another repositioning of it, reframing it temporally and culturally. A translation into Norwegian for our own time has to decide whether to aim for the same degree of national inscription, and the answer to that would depend entirely on the desired function: whether the aim were a more universalised text, i.e. more in the vein of the original text, with the potential of entering the ongoing discourse surrounding military intervention and international operations, or if it were to be packaged as celebratory (though fictionalised) occupation history, or, again, whether it were commissioned as part of a fortifying hearts-and-minds campaign in the case of Norway's finding itself in a similar situation. In any case, and whatever approach a translator were to choose, readers would encounter the story differently today, from a totally different world of experience than Steinbeck himself or his readers in occupied countries during and just after the Second World War

The aim of the translation would affect all the areas analysed in this thesis. If it aims to express universal truths about the mentality of occupation, the Norwegian remainders could be far fewer than in the present translation. A general study of the mentality of occupation calls for more fidelity to Steinbeck's project of humanising the occupant, since the luxury of hindsight gives us the opportunity to be more generous – our lives do not depend on it in quite

the same way. For the same reason, whether it were to function as a universalised text or as a story about “Norway-under-occupation”, the explicating double constructions would today be superfluous, since the urgency of motivating or inspiring a resistance force is gone. Also, whatever the aim, a translator might also want to go a lot further than what Nils Lie did when it came to domesticating names, for instance, since names are a stumbling block in the existing translation, as we have already seen. And then it would again be a question of how far one would push the implicatures, or whether one would opt for unequivocally Norwegian names, for instance.

The translation that follows seeks to restore some of the universal and humanistic qualities of Steinbeck’s text. The basic premise is to create a text that is contemporary enough to read well, and to avoid the problem of foreign-sounding names and over-explicit Norwegian-ness in order to convey that this could indeed be a study of any occupation of any country.

### **Chapter 1, pp 1-7**

Kvart på elleve var det over. Byen var okkupert, forsvarerne nedkjempet, og krigen ferdig. Invasjonsstyrken hadde forberedt seg til dette felttoget like omhyggelig som til de virkelig store. Denne søndagsmorgen hadde postmannen og politibetjenten dratt på fisketur med båten til Corell, den populære kjøpmannen. Han hadde lånt dem den snertne seilbåten sin for dagen. Postmannen og politibetjenten var flere nautiske mil fra land da de så det lille mørke troppetransportskipet gli sakte forbi dem, lastet med soldater. Siden de var offentlige tjenestemenn var dette helt klart deres business, og de snudde båten, men bataljonen hadde selvsagt inntatt byen før de kunne legge til kai. Politibetjenten og postmannen slapp ikke engang inn i sine egne kontorer i Rådhuset, og når de insisterte på sine rettigheter ble de tatt i arrest og låst inn i fengselet.

De lokale styrkene, alle tolv, hadde også vært borte denne søndagsmorgen, for Corell, den populære kjøpmannen, hadde donert lunsj, blinker, patroner og premier til en skytekonkurranse som skulle avholdes tolv-femten kilometer innover åsene, på en åpen slette eid av Corell. De lokale styrkene, store hengslete gutter, hørte flyene og så fallskjermene i det fjerne, og kom tilbake til byen i springmarsj. Da de kom fram hadde invasionsstyrkene plassert styrker med maskingevær langs veien. De hengslete soldatene, med liten krigserfaring og slett ingen nederlagserfaring, åpnet ild med riflene sine. Maskingeværene smatret et

øyeblikk, og seks av soldatene ble døde uformelige bylter, og tre ble halvdøde uformelige bylter, og tre av soldatene kom seg unna i åsene med riflene sine.

Halv elleve spilte okkupasjonsstyrkens hornorkester vakker og sentimental musikk på torget mens borgerne, med halvåpne munn og forbløffete øyne, sto omkring og lyttet til musikken og stirret på mennene med grå hjelmer og maskinpistoler i armene.

Åtte over halv elleve var de seks uformelige byltene begravet, fallskjermene brettet sammen, og bataljonen forlagt i Corells lager på kaia, der hyllene var fylt med tepper og feltsenger til en bataljon.

Kvart på elleve hadde gamle ordfører Orvil mottatt den formelle forespørselen om audiens fra oberst Lanser, sjefen for okkupasjonsstyrken, en audiens som ble lagt til presis klokken elleve i ordførerens femroms residens.

Dagligstuen i residensen var svært så koselig og komfortabel. De forgylte stolene med sine slitte trekk sto stivt oppstilt, som for mange tjenere uten arbeidsoppgaver. En buet marmorpeis velvet seg over kullene og deres flammeløse varme, og en håndmalt kullskuffe lå ved siden av. På peishylla, flankert av runde vaser, stod en stor, forseggjort porselensklokke, full av lekende kjeruber. Tapetet var mørkerødt med gullmønstre, og treverket var hvitt, pyntelig og rent. Maleriene på veggene viste for det meste store, forbløffende heltedige hunders redning av barn i nød. Verken vann, ild eller jordskjelv kunne skade et barn så lenge det fantes en stor hund i nærheten.

Ved siden av peisen satt gamle doktor Winter, skjeggete og enkel og godmodig, byens lege og historiker. Han stirret fascinert ned på tomlene sine som tvinnet rundt og rundt i fanget hans. Doktor Winter var en så enkel mann at bare en dyp mann kunne se at han var dyp. Han så opp på Josef, ordførerens tjener, for å se om Josef hadde lagt merke til de fantastiske tvinnende tommeltottene.

”Klokka elleve?”, spurte doktor Winter.

Og Josef svarte åndsfraværende, ”Ja, det stod klokka elleve.”

”Du leste skrivet?”

”Nei, ordføreren leste det for meg.”

Og Josef fortsatte sin runde med sjekking av hver enkelt forgylt stol for å se om den hadde flyttet seg siden han sist satte den på plass. Josef skulte alltid på møbler siden han forventet at de var uforskammete, rampete eller støvete. I en verden der ordføreren sto fram som en lederskikkelse, var Josef en leder av møbler, sølvtøy og servise. Josef var opp i årene og mager og alvorlig, og livet hans var så komplisert at bare en dyp mann ville se at han var enkel. Han så ingenting fantastisk i doktor Winters tvinnende tomler, han syntes faktisk de var

irriterende. Josef hadde en mistanke om at noe nokså viktig var i ferd med å skje, med utenlandske soldater i gatene og den lokale hæren drept eller tatt til fange. Før eller senere måtte han skaffe seg en mening om dette her. Han ville ikke ha noe lettsindighet, ingen tommeltvinning, ikke noe tull fra møbler. Doktor Winter flyttet stolen sin noen få centimeter og Josef ventet utålmodig på øyeblikket hvor han kunne sette den tilbake på plassen sin.

Doktor Winter gjentok, ”Klokka elleve, og da kommer de faktisk til å være her også. Et presist folkeferd, Josef.”

Og Josef svarte uten å høre etter, ”Ja, doktor.”

”Et presist folkeferd,” gjentok doktoren.

”Ja, doktor.”

”Presisjon og maskiner.”

”Ja, doktor.”

”De haster mot sin skjebne som om den ikke ville vente. De dytter verden foran seg med skuldrene.”

Og Josef svarte, ”Akkurat, doktor” siden han begynte å bli lei av å si ”Ja, doktor”.

Josef likte ikke denne samtalen, siden den ikke hjalp ham å danne seg en mening om noe som helst. Hvis Josef senere på dagen bemerket til kokka, ”Et presist folkeferd, Annie,” kom hun ikke til å forstå. Hun kom til å spørre, ”Hvem da?” og så ”Hvorfor det?”, og til slutt kom hun til å si ”For noe tull, Josef.” Josef hadde prøvd å ta med seg doktor Winters bemerkninger inn på kjøkkenet før, og det endte alltid på samme måten: Annie fant alltid ut at det var noe tull.

Doktor Winter så opp fra tomlene sine på Josef som oppdro stolene. ”Hva driver ordføreren med?”

”Kler på seg for å motta obersten, doktor.”

”Og så hjelper du ham ikke? Han blir ikke velkledd på egenhånd.”

”Fruen hjelper ham. Fruen vil han skal ta seg best mulig ut. Hun –”, Josef rødmet litt, ”Fruen fjerner hårene i ørene hans. Det kiler. Han vil ikke la meg gjøre det.”

”Selvsagt kiler det”, sa doktor Winter.

”Fruen insisterer”, sa Josef.

Doktor Winter lo plutselig. Han reiste seg og holdt hendene mot varmen, og Josef smatt bak ham og satte stolen tilbake på plass.

”Vi er så fantastiske”, sa doktoren. ”Landet vårt faller til fienden, byen er okkupert, ordføreren skal motta okkupasjonsmakten, og fruene holder en motvillig ordfører i nakkeskinnet og trimmer håret i ørene hans.”

”Han var blitt veldig raggete”, sa Josef. ”Øyenbrynene også. Ordføreren liker enda dårligere å få øynebrynene trimmet. Han sier det gjør vondt. Jeg tviler på at fru en gang kan gjøre det.”

”Hun kommer til å prøve” sa doktor Winter.

”Hun vil at han skal ta seg best mulig ut.”

Gjennom glassvinduet på ytterdøren tittet et ansikt under en hjelm, og det banket på døren. Det virket som om rommet ble gråere og noe av det varme lyset forsvant.

Doktor Winter så opp på klokken og sa, ”De er tidlig ute. Slipp dem inn, Josef.”

Josef gikk bort til døren og åpnet den. En soldat kom inn, kledd i en lang frakk. Han hadde hjelm og bar en maskinpistol over armen. Han kikket raskt rundt i rommet og trådte tilside. Bak ham i døråpningen sto en offiser. Uniformen hans var enkel og bare skulderklaffene viste graden hans.

Offiseren kom inn i rommet og så på doktor Winter. Han liknet en karikatur av en engelsk gentleman. Han var lut, med rødt ansikt og lang men ganske pen nese, og han virket omtrent så utilpass i uniformen sin som de fleste britiske offiserer. Han sto i døråpningen og stirret på doktor Winter, og sa, ”Er du ordfører Orvil?”

Doktor Winter smilte. ”Nei, nei, slett ikke.”

”Du er en av byens embetsmenn, da?”

”Nei, jeg er byens doktor og en venn av ordføreren.”

Offiseren sa, ”Hvor er ordfører Orvil?”

”Kler seg om for å motta dere. Du er obersten?”

”Nei, det er jeg ikke. Jeg er kaptein Bentick.” Han bukket og doktor Winter bukket så vidt tilbake. Kaptein Bentick fortsatte, og det virket som om han var en smule flau over det han måtte si, ”Våre militære prosedyrer pålegger oss å gjennomføre rommet for våpen før obersten kommer. Vi mener ikke å være respektløse, doktor.” Og han ropte over skulderen, ”Sersjant!”

Sersjanten gikk raskt over til Josef, lot hendene gli over lommene hans, og sa, ”Ingenting, kaptein.”

Kaptein Bentick sa til doktor Winter, ”Jeg håper du unnskylder.” Og sersjanten kom bort til doktor Winter og klappet på lommene hans. Hendene stanset ved innerlommen på frakken. Han stakk hånden raskt inn, tok ut et lite, flatt, sort etui av lær og ga det til kaptein Bentick. Kaptein Bentick åpnet etuiet og fikk se noen enkle kirurgiske instrumenter – to skalpeller, noen kirurgiske nåler, noen klemmer, en kanyle. Han lukket etuiet igjen og ga det tilbake til doktor Winter.



Doktor Winter sa, ”Du forstår, jeg er en landsens doktor. En gang måtte jeg operere ut en blindtarm med en kjøkkenkniv. Siden har jeg alltid hatt med meg disse.”

Kaptein Bentick sa, ”Jeg mener det finnes noen våpen her?” Han åpnet en liten lærinnbundet bok han hadde i lommen.

Doktor Winter sa, ”Dere er grundige.”

”Ja, vi har hatt vår lokale mann her en stund.”

Doktor Winter sa, ”Du kan vel antakelig ikke si hvem det er?”

Bentick svarte, ”Jobben hans er jo gjort nå. Det gjør neppe noe om jeg forteller det. Han heter Corell.”

Og doktor Winter sa forbløffet, ”Georg Corell? Det kan da ikke være mulig. Han har gjort masse for byen her. Det var jo han som donerte premier til skytekonkurransen oppe i åsene i formiddag.” Og mens han sa det begynte øynene hans å forstå hva som hadde skjedd og munnen lukket seg langsomt, og han sa, ”Jeg skjønner, det var derfor han arrangerte skytekonkurransen. Ja, jeg skjønner. Men Georg Corell – det høres helt utrolig ut!”

Døren til venstre ble åpnet og ordfører Orvil kom inn mens han grov seg i det høyre øret med lillefingeren. Han var iført snippkjolen, med embetskjeden rundt halsen. Han hadde en stor hvit hvalrossbart og to mindre barter, en over hvert øye. Det hvite håret hadde blitt børstet så nylig at det fortsatt var hårstrå som kjempet for å komme seg fri og stå rett til værns igjen. Han hadde vært ordfører i byen så lenge at han var selve ideen om en ordfører. Selv voksne så for seg ordfører Orvil hver gang de så ordet ”ordfører”. Han og embetet var ett. Det hadde gitt ham verdighet og han hadde gitt det varme.

## **Chapter 2, pp 20-23**

I overetasjen i ordførerens lille residens etablerte oberst Lansers stab hovedkvarteret sitt. Det var fem av dem i tillegg til obersten. Major Hunter var en plaget liten tallenes mann, en liten man som siden han selv var en pålitelig størrelse anså at alle andre mennesker også måtte være pålitelige størrelser for å ha livets rett. Major Hunter var ingeniør, og i fredstid ville ingen ha funnet på å gi ham kommandoen over noen som helst. For major Hunter stilte opp sine menn i rekker som om de var tall, og adderte og subtraherte og multipliserte dem. Han var aritmetikkens mer enn matematikkens mann. Han hadde aldri tatt inn over seg noe av humoren, musikken eller mystikken i høyere matematikk. Menn kunne variere i høyde eller vekt eller farge, akkurat som 6 er forskjellig fra 8, men det var få andre forskjeller. Han hadde vært gift flere ganger og han forstod ikke hvorfor konene hans ble så nervøse før de forlot ham.

Kaptein Bentick var en familiemann som elsket hunder og søte småbarn og julen. Han var for gammel til å være kaptein, men en påfallende mangel på ambisjoner hadde parkert ham. Før krigen hadde han beundret britiske gentlemen, gått i engelske klær, hatt engelske hunder, røkt en engelsk pipe fylt med en spesiell pipetobakk han fikk sendt fra London, og abonnert på disse magasinene som priser hagestell og har en evig diskusjon om de respektive fordelene ved engelske settere og gordonsettere. Kaptein Bentick tilbrakte alle feriene sine i Sussex og likte å bli tatt for å være engelsk i Budapest eller Paris. Krigen hadde tilsynelatende endret alt dette, men han hadde pattet for lenge på sin pipe, hadde brukt spaserstokk for lenge, og kunne ikke gi det opp sånn plutselig. En gang, fem år tidligere, hadde han skrevet et brev til Times om gressdød i Midlands, signert Edmund Twitchell, Esq.; ikke bare det, men avisen hadde trykket det.

Om kaptein Bentick var for gammel til å være kaptein var kaptein Loft for ung. Kaptein Loft var selve essensen av en kaptein. Han levde og åndet for sin kapteinsgrad. Han hadde ingen umilitære øyeblikk. En sterk ambisjon drev ham opp gradsstigen. Han steg til topps som fløte på melk. Han smelte hælene sammen med en dansers presisjon. Han kjente hver eneste regel for militær omgangsform og insisterte på å anvende dem alle. Generaler var redd ham fordi han visste mer om hvordan soldater skulle opptre enn de selv gjorde. Kaptein Loft tenkte og trodde at en soldat er dyreverdenens høyeste utviklingsform. Om han i det hele tatt tenkte på Gud, så var det som en gammel, dekorert general, pensjonert og gråsprengt, som levde i minner om gamle slag og la ned kranser på sine underordnetes graver flere ganger i året. Kaptein Loft hadde en tro på at alle kvinner forelsker seg i uniformer og det syntes han var helt naturlig. Et normalt forløp ville innebære at han ble brigader som førtifemåring og fikk bildet sitt i bladet, flankert av høye, bleke, maskuline kvinner med blondebesatte hatter, som i gamle bilder.

Løytnantene Prackle og Tonder var snørrunger, ferskinger, løytnanter, opplært i tidens ånd, med tro på det fantastiske nye systemet, som var utviklet av et geni så stort at de aldri brydde seg med å sjekke hva konsekvensene kunne bli. De var sentimentale unge menn, med kort vei til tårer og sinne. Løytnant Prackle bar med seg en hårlokk pakket inn i blå sateng inne i lommeuret sitt, noe som forstyrret balansehjulet, så han brukte et armbåndsur for å vite hva klokken var. Prackle var en dansepartner, en glad ung mann som likevel kunne skule som Føreren, kunne gruble som Føreren. Han hatet degenerert kunst og hadde ødelagt flere lerreter med sine egne hender. I lystig lag kunne han lage blyantskisser av vennene sine som var så gode at han ofte hadde fått høre at han burde vært kunstner. Prackle hadde flere blonde søstre som han var så stolt av at han fra tid til annen hadde gjort oppstyr når han trodde de hadde

blitt fornærmet. Søstrene var litt opprørt over dette fordi de fryktet at noen kunne få det for seg å bevise fornærmelsene, hvilket ikke ville vært vanskelig. Løytnant Prackle tilbrakte nesten all sin fritid med å dagdrømme om å forføre løytnant Tonders blonde søster, en brystfager pike som elsket å bli forført av eldre menn som ikke bustet til håret hennes slik løytnant Prackle gjorde.

Løytnant Tonder var en poet, en bitter poet som drømte om opphøyde unge menns perfekte, ideelle kjærlighet til fattige piker. Tonder var en mørk romantiker hvis horisont var like vid som erfaringen hans. Han snakket noen ganger i lydløse blankvers til imaginære mørke kvinner. Han lengtet etter døden på slagmarken, med gråtende foreldre i bakgrunnen, og Føreren, tapper, men bedrøvet over det unge livet som ebbet ut. Han forestilte seg ofte sin egen død, opplyst av en synkende sol som glimtet i militært utstyr, mennene hans stod rundt ham i stillhet, med senket hode, mens storbrystede valkyrjer galopperte over en lubben sky, mødre og elskerinner i ett, med Wagnersk torden i bakgrunnen. Og han hadde til og med forberedt sine siste ord.

Dette var mennene i staben, og hver av dem lekte krig slik barn leker hulk og due. Major Hunter tenkte på krig som en regneoppgave han måtte gjøre ferdig så han kom seg tilbake foran peisen sin, kaptein Loft som en passende karriere for en anstendig oppdratt ung mann, og løytnantene Prackle og Tonder som noe drømmeaktig der ingenting var særlig virkelig. Og krigen deres så langt hadde vært en lek – fine våpen og fin planlegging mot ubevæpnede fiender uten planer. De hadde ikke tapt en kamp, og skadene hadde vært små. De kunne, under press, være modige eller feige, slik alle kan. Av dem alle var det bare oberst Lanser som visste hva krig virkelig er.

Lanser hadde vært i Belgia og Frankrike tjue år tidligere og han prøvde å ikke tenke på det han visste – at krig er forræderi og hat, rotet til av inkompetente generaler, at det er tortur og drap og sykdom og utmattelse, til det endelig er over og ingenting har endret seg bortsett fra ny tretthet og nytt hat. Lanser sa til seg selv at han var soldat, med ordrer å utføre. Hans oppgave var ikke å stille spørsmål eller å tenke, men bare å utføre ordre. Han forsøkte å legge til side de syke minnene om den andre krigen og vissheten om at denne ville bli det samme. Denne vil bli annerledes, sa han til seg selv femti ganger om dagen; denne ville bli veldig annerledes.

Parader, sinte folkemengder, fotballkamper og krig gir vage omriss; virkelige ting blir uvirkelige og en tåke legger seg over sinnet. Spenning og opphisselse, tretthet, bevegelse – alt flyter i hverandre i en eneste stor grå drøm, så når det er over er det vanskelig å huske

hvordan det var da du drepte menn eller beordret dem drept. Så kommer andre som ikke var tilstede og forteller deg hvordan det var og du sier vagt, ”jo, det var vel sånn det var”.

#### **Chapter 4, pp 51-56**

I ellevetida snødde det tett med store myke snøkjerringer og himmelen var ikke å se i det hele tatt. Folk pilte gjennom snøværet, og snøen la seg i døråpninger og den la seg på statuen på torget og på skinnegangen fra gruva til havna. Snøen la seg og de små vognhjulene skled når de ble dyttet. Og over byen hang et mørke som var dypere enn skydekket, og over byen hang en mutthet og et tørt, voksende hat. Folk sto ikke lenge i gatene, men forsvant inn dørene, og dørene ble lukket, og det var som om øyne stirret bak gardinene, og når soldatene gikk gjennom gatene eller når en patrulje kom ned hovedgata festet øynene seg på dem, kalde og mutte. Og i butikkene kom folk inn for å kjøpe småting, og de ba om varene sine og betalte for dem og snakket ellers ikke med selgeren.

I den lille dagligstuen i residensen var lysene tent og skinte på den fallende snøen utenfor vinduene. Retten var satt. Lanser satt ved enden av bordet med Hunter på høyre side, så Tonder, og lengst bort kaptein Loft med en liten papirbunke foran seg. På den andre siden av bordet satt ordføreren til venstre for obersten og Prackle ved siden av ham – Prackle som skriblet på notatblokkene sine. Ved siden av bordet sto to vakter med bajonettene klare og hjelm på hodet, som skåret i tre. Mellom dem sto Alex Mork, en storvokst ung mann med bred, lav panne, dyptliggende øyne og en lang, spiss nese. Han hadde kraftig hake og munnen var bred og sensuell. Han var breiskuldret og smal om hoftene, og hendene i håndjernene åpnet og lukket seg ustanselig foran ham. Han hadde mørke bukser, en blå skjorte som var åpen i halsen, og en mørk velbrukt frakk.

Kaptein Loft leste fra papiret som lå foran ham. ”Han nektet å følge ordre om å gå tilbake til arbeidet, og da ordren ble gjentatt, angrep fangen kaptein Loft med hakken han hadde i hånden. Kaptein Bentick la seg imellom – ”

Ordføreren hostet, og da Loft sluttet å lese, sa han, ”Sett deg ned, Alex. Skaff ham en stol, en av dere.” Vekten snudde seg og trakk fram en stol uten å stille spørsmål.

Loft sa, ”Det er vanlig praksis at fangen står.”

”La ham sitte,” sa ordføreren. ”Det er jo bare oss her. Du kan skrive i rapporten at han sto.”

”Det er ikke vanlig praksis å forfalske rapporter,” sa Loft.

”Sett deg, Alex,” gjentok ordføreren.

Og den storvokste unge mannen satte seg, med de sammenlenkede hendene rastløse i fanget.

Loft begynte, ”Dette går imot alt – ”

Obersten sa, ”La ham sette seg.”

Kaptein Loft rensket stemmen. ” ’Kaptein Bentick la seg imellom og fikk et slag i hodet som knuste skallen’ Det ligger ved en rapport fra legen. Vil du at jeg skal lese den?”

”Unødvendig,” sa Lanser. ”Få det unna så raskt du kan.”

”Flere av våre soldater var vitner til det som skjedde, deres vitneforklaringer er vedlagt. Denne militære rett finner fangen skyldig i drap og anbefaler at han dømmes til døden.’ Vil du at jeg skal lese opp vitneforklaringene?”

Lanser sukket. ”Nei.” Han snudde seg mot Alex. ”Du benekter ikke at du drepte kapteinen, gjør du vel?”

Alex smilte trist. ”Jeg slo til ham,” sa han. ”Jeg vet ikke om jeg drepte ham.”

Ordføreren sa, ”Bra jobbet, Alex!” Og de to så på hverandre som venner.

Loft sa, ”Prøver du å implisere at han ble drept av noen andre?”

”Jeg vet ikke,” sa Alex. ”Jeg slo bare til ham, og så var det noen som slo meg.”

Oberst Lanser sa, ”Har du noen forklaring å komme med? Jeg kan ikke tenke meg at noe vil endre straffeutmålingen, men vi skal lytte.”

Loft sa, ”Med all respekt vil jeg få si at obersten ikke burde ha sagt det der. Det antyder at retten ikke er upartisk.”

Ordføreren lo tørt. Obersten så på ham og smilte litt. ”Har du noen forklaring?”, gjentok han.

Alex løftet en hånd for å gestikulere og den andre fulgte med. Han så flau ut og lot dem begge synke tilbake i fanget. ”Jeg var sinna,” sa han. ”Jeg har ganske ille temperament. Han sa at jeg måtte jobbe. Jeg er en fri mann. Jeg ble sinna og slo til ham. Jeg slo vel hardt. Det var feil mann.” Han pekte på Loft. ”Det var han der jeg ville slå.”

Lanser sa, ”Det spiller ingen rolle hvem du ville slå. Utfallet ville blitt det samme. Angrer du på at du gjorde det?” Til de andre rundt bordet sa han, ”Det vil se bra ut i protokollen om han angrer.”

”Angrer?” spurte Alex. ”Jeg angrer ikke. Han kommanderte meg til å jobbe – meg, en fri mann! Jeg har sittet i bystyret. Han kommanderte meg til å jobbe.”

”Men om du blir dømt til døden, kommer du ikke til å angre da?”

Alex senket hodet og prøvde virkelig å tenke gjennom det. ”Nei,” sa han. ”Mener du, om jeg ville gjort det igjen?”

”Det er det jeg mener.”

”Nei,” sa Alex tankefullt. ”Jeg tror ikke jeg angrer.”

Lanser sa, ”Skriv at fangen var overveldet av anger. Dommen er automatisk. Forstår du?” sa han til Alex. ”Retten kan ikke gjør noe annet. Retten finner deg skyldig og dømmer deg til å skytes øyeblikkelig. Jeg ser ingen grunn til å plage deg med dette mer. Kaptein Loft, er det noe jeg har glemt?”

”Du har glemt meg,” sa Orvil. Han reiste seg og skjøv stolen tilbake og gikk bort til Alex. Av gammel vane reiste Alex seg respektfullt. ”Alexander, jeg er den valgte ordføreren.”

”Jeg vet det.”

”Alex, disse mennene har invadert oss. De har tatt landet vårt med svik og makt og overraskelse.”

Kaptein Loft sa, ”Oberst, dette bør ikke tillates.”

Lanser sa, ”Hysj. Det er bedre å høre det, vil du heller at det skal hviskes om det?”

Orvil fortsatte som om han ikke hadde blitt avbrutt. ”Da de kom, var folket forvirret og jeg var forvirret. Vi visste ikke hva vi skulle gjøre eller tenke. Du var den første som faktisk handlet. Ditt private sinne var starten på et allment sinne. Jeg vet det sies i byen at jeg samarbeider med disse mennene. Jeg kan vise byen at den tar feil, men du – du skal dø. Jeg vil at du skal vite det.”

Alex senket hodet, så løftet han det igjen. ”Jeg vet det, ordfører.”

Lanser sa, ”Er eksekusjonspelotongen klar?”

”Utenfor, oberst.”

”Hvem har kommandoen?”

”Løytnant Tonder, oberst.”

Tonder løftet hodet og strammet kjevemusklene og holdt pusten.

Orvil sa forsiktig, ”Er du redd, Alex?”

Og Alex svarte, ”Ja, ordfører.”

”Jeg kan ikke si at du ikke skal være det. Jeg hadde også vært redd, og det hadde disse unge krigsgudene også.”

Lanser sa, ”Kall inn mennene dine.” Tonder reiste seg raskt og gikk til døren. ”De er her, oberst.” Han åpnet døren og de hjelmkledte mennene kom til syne.

Orvil sa, ”Alex, du skal vite at disse mennene vil ikke kunne hvile før de er borte herfra, eller døde. Du kommer til å forene folket. Det er en trist ting å vite og det er ikke mye til gave å gi deg, men slik er det. Ingen hvile.”

Alex knep øynene hardt igjen. Ordføreren lente seg mot ham og kysset ham på kinnet. "Farvel, Alex," sa han.

Vakten tok Alex i armen og den unge mannen fortsatte å holde øynene tett lukket, og de førte ham gjennom døra. Avdelingen snudde, og føttene deres marsjerte av sted ut av huset og ut i snøen, og snøen dempet fottrinnene deres.

Mennene rundt bordet var stille. Orvil så mot vinduet og så en liten rund flekk bli gnidd fri for snø av en kjapp hånd. Han stirret fascinert på den, og så flyttet han blikket kjapt. Han sa til obersten, "Jeg håper du vet hva du gjør."

Kaptein Loft samlet papirene sine og Lanser spurte, "På torget, kaptein?"

"Ja, på torget. Det må være offentlig," svarte Loft.

Og Orvil sa, "Jeg håper du vet hva du gjør."

"Vel, det spiller ingen rolle om vi vet eller ikke," sa obersten, "det er dette som må gjøres."

Stillheten senket seg over rommet og hver mann lyttet. Og det varte ikke lenge. I det fjerne lød smellet fra geværene. Lanser sukket dypt. Orvil la hånden mot pannen og trakk pusten dypt. Så hørtes et rop utenfor. Vindusruten knustes inn i rommet og løytnant Prackle snurret rundt. Han tok seg til skulderen og stirret på hånden sin.

Lanser spratt opp og ropte, "Der, nå begynner det! Er du alvorlig såret, løytnant?"

"Skulderen min," sa Prackle.

Lanser tok kommandoen. "Kaptein Loft, det vil være spor i snøen. Jeg vil at alle hus gjennomføres etter våpen. Jeg vil at enhver som har våpen tas til fange. Du, ordfører," sa han, "settes i husarrest. Og du må ha helt klart for deg: Vi skyter, fem, ti, hundre for en."

Orvil sa stille, "En mann med visse minner."

Lanser stoppet midt i ordren. Han så lenge på ordføreren og det var et øyeblikk der de forstod hverandre. Så rettet Lanser skuldrene. "En mann uten minner!" sa han skarpt. Og så, "Jeg vil ha samlet inn alle våpen i byen. Ta inn alle som gjør motstand. Kjapt, før sporene forsvinner."

Mennene fant hjelmene sine og grep pistolene og forsvant ut. Og ordføreren gikk bort til det knuste vinduet. Han sa sørgmodig, "Den gode, kjølige lukten av snø."

## **Chapter 7, pp 87-97**

En hvit, slunken måne ga lite lys til den mørke klare natten. Vinden sang tørt over snøen, en stille vind som blåste støtt og jevnt fra nord. Over landet lå snøen dyp og tørr som sand.

Husene huket seg ned mellom snøfonnene, og vinduene var mørke og hadde lemmer for mot kulden, og trekken var skrudd ned i ovnene så bare en liten røyksøyle steg opp.

I byen var gangstiene hardfrosset og hardtrampet. Og gatene var også stille, unntatt når den kalde, bedrøvelige patruljen passerte. Husene var mørke som natten, og holdt på en liten restvarme til morgenen. Når inngangen til gruva holdt vaktene oppsyn med himmelen og vendte instrumentene sine mot himmelen og rettet lytteinstrumentene mot himmelen, for det var en klar natt for bombing. På netter som dette kom stålrørene plystrende ned og splintret med et brøl. Landet ville kunne sees fra himmelen i natt, selv om månen tilsynelatende ga lite lys.

Nede i den ene enden av byen, mellom de små husene, klagde en hund over ensomheten og kulden. Han løftet snuten mot sin gud og ga en lang og omfattende rapport om tingenes tilstand og hans lodd i livet. Han var en øvet sanger med en stor, dyp stemme, bredt register og avansert teknikk. De seks mennene i patruljen som subbet nedslått fram og tilbake i gatene hørte hundens sang og en av de innpakkede soldatene sa, ”Det virker som han bare blir verre for hver natt. Vi burde vel skyte ham.”

Og en annen svarte, ”Hvorfor det? La ham ule. Jeg synes det høres bra ut. Jeg hadde en hund hjemme som pleide å ule. Fikk ham aldri til å slutte. Gul bikkje. Jeg har ikke noe imot ulinga. De tok hunden min da de tok de andre,” sa han enkelt, med flat stemme.

Og korporalen sa, ”Kunne jo ikke la maten gå til hunder.”

”Å, jeg klager ikke. Jeg vet det var nødvendig. Jeg kan ikke planlegge slik som lederne gjør. Men jeg synes jo det er litt rart at det er folk her som har hunder, og de har ikke engang så mye mat som oss. De er rimelig magre, da, både hunder og folk.”

”De er idioter,” sa korporalen. ”Det er derfor de tapte så fort. De kan ikke planlegge sånn som oss.”

”Jeg lurar på om vi kommer til å ha hunder igjen når alt er over,” sa soldaten. ”Jeg går ut fra at vi kunne få dem fra Amerika eller noe sånt og bygge opp rasene igjen. Hva slags hunder tror du de har i Amerika?”

”Jeg vet ikke,” sa korporalen. ”Sikkert like gjerne som alt annet de har.” Og han fortsatte, ”Kanskje hunder er en dårlig ide uansett. Kunne vært like greit å ikke bry oss mer med dem, bortsett fra i politiet, da.”

”Kanskje det,” sa soldaten. ”Jeg har hørt at Føreren ikke liker hunder. Jeg har hørt at de får ham til å klø og nyse.”

”Det sies jo alt mulig rart,” sa korporalen. ”Hør!” Patruljen stanset og langt borte fra hørtes summingen av fly.



”Der kommer de,” sa korporalen. ”Vel, alle lys er slukket. Det er to uker siden sist, er det ikke?”

”Tolv dager,” sa soldaten.

Vaktene ved gruva hørte den høye duren av flyene. ”De flyr høyt,” sa en sersjant. Og kaptein Loft la hodet så langt tilbake at han kunne se under bremmen på hjelmen. ”Jeg anslår det til over 20.000 fot,” sa han. ”Kanskje de fortsetter videre.”

”Er ikke så mange.” Sersjanten lyttet. ”Jeg tror ikke det er flere enn tre. Skal jeg varsle batteriet?”

”Bare se til at de er klare, og så gi beskjed til oberst Lanser – nei, forresten. Kanskje de ikke kommer hit. De er nesten forbi og de har ikke begynt å stupe ennå.”

”Høres ut for meg som om de sirkler rundt. Jeg tror ikke det er flere enn to,” sa sersjanten.

I sengene sine hørte folk flyene og de dro dyna godt over seg og lyttet. I ordførerresidensen vekket den svake lyden oberst Lanser, og han snudde seg rundt på ryggen og stirret med vidåpne øyne mot det mørke taket, og han holdt pusten for å lytte bedre og da slo hjertet hans så høyt at han ikke kunne høre så godt som da han pustet. Ordfører Orvil hørte flyene i søvne og de ble til en drøm og han rørte på seg og mumlet i søvne.

Høyt oppe i lufta sirklet de to sølefargete bombeflyene. De kvelte motorene og sirklet i stille sjev. Og ut av buken på hver av dem falt små gjenstander, hundrevis av dem, en etter en. De falt fritt noen få fot og så åpnet det seg små fallskjermene og de gled sakte og lydløst ned mot jorda, og flyene koblet motorene inn igjen og vant høyde, og så kvelte de dem igjen og sirklet igjen, og flere og flere av de små gjenstandene falt ut, og så snudde flyene og fløy tilbake i den retningen de kom fra.

De bittesmå fallskjermene svedde som løvetannfrø og vinddraget spredte dem og fordelte dem akkurat som løvetannfrø. De svedde så sakte og landet så mykt at noen av de 25 cm lange pakkene med dynamitt ble stående rett opp og ned i snøen, og fallskjermene foldet seg pent rundt dem. De så sorte ut mot snøen. De landet på hvite jorder og mellom treklyngene på åsene og hang ned fra grener. Noen av dem landet på hustakene i den lille byen, noen i de små hagene, og en landet og ble stående i snøkronen på toppen av statuen av St Hallvard.

En av de små fallskjermene landet i gaten foran patruljen og sersjanten sa, ”Forsiktig! Det er en tidsinnstilt bombe!”

”Den er ikke stor nok,” mente en soldat.

”Vel, hold avstand.” Sersjanten hadde lommelykten framme og lyste på det som lå der en liten fallskjerm som ikke var større enn et lommeørkle, lyseblått av farge, og festet til den var en pakke i blått papir.

”Ingen rører den, ok?” sa sersjanten. ”Harry, stikk ned til gruva og få tak i kapteinen. Vi holder øye med denne fankens greia.”

Den sene grålysninga kom og folk som kom ut av husene sine så det blåe mot snøen. De gikk og plukket det opp. De tok av papiret og leste ordene som var trykt på det. De så gaven og plutselig ble hver finner hemmelighetsfull, og han gjemte den lange hylsen under frakken og fant et hemmelig sted og skjulte den der.

Og barna fikk høre om gaven og de saumfarte området i en fryktelig skattejakt, og når et av barna var heldige og fikk øye på noe blått, føk han bort og åpnet pakken og gjemte hylsen og fortalte foreldrene om den. Det fantes dem som ble skremt og ga hylsene til soldatene, men de var ikke mange. Og soldatene pilte rundt i byen på sin egen skattejakt, men de var ikke så flinke som barna.

I dagligstuen i ordførerens residens sto spisebordet fremdeles med stolene rundt slik det hadde vært den dagen Alex Mork ble skutt. Rommet var ikke så elegant som det hadde pleid å være. Ingen stoler sto mot veggene, som virket svært nakne. Bordet med papirer strødd utover fikk rommet til å se ut som et kontor. Klokka på peishylla slo ni. Det var en mørk dag, overskyet, for morgenen hadde brakt med seg tunge skyer fulle av snø.

Annie kom ut av ordførerens rom, hun svingte bortom bordet og kastet et blikk på papirene som lå der. Kaptein Loft kom inn. Han stanset i døråpningen da han så Annie.

”Hva gjør du her?” spurte han bryskt.

Og Annie sa mutt, ”Ja vel.”

”Jeg sa, hva gjør du her?”

”Jeg tenkte jeg skulle rydde opp.”

”Ikke rør noen ting, bare gå.”

Og Annie sa ”Ja vel,” og hun ventet til han flyttet seg og smatt ut.

Kaptein Loft gikk bort til døråpningen igjen og sa, ”Ok, inn her med det.” En soldat kom inn døra bak ham med geværet hengende over skulderen, og i armene holdt han noen av de blå pakkene, og fra dem dinglet små tråder og biter av blått stoff.

Loft sa, ”Legg dem på bordet.” Soldaten la dem svært forsiktig fra seg. ”Så kan du gå opp og rapportere til oberst Lanser at jeg er her med – tingene,” og soldaten gjorde helomvending og forlot rommet.

Loft gikk bort til bordet og plukket opp en av pakkene, ansiktet hans uttrykte avsmak. Han holdt opp den lille blå fallskjermen av stoff, holdt den over hodet sitt og slapp den, og pakken svevde ned mot gulvet. Han plukket opp pakken igjen og undersøkte den.

Oberst Lanser kom raskt inn i rommet, fulgt av major Hunter. Hunter hadde en gul papirlapp i hånden. Lanser sa, ”God morgen, kaptein,” så gikk han bort til bordenden og satte seg. Et øyeblikk stirret han på den lille haugen med hylser, før han plukket opp en og holdt den i hånden. ”Sitt ned, Hunter,” sa han. ”Har du undersøkt disse?”

Hunter trakk ut en stol og satte seg. Han så på det gule papiret han holdt. ”Ikke særlig nøye,” sa han. ”Det er tre brudd på skinnegangen innenfor en radius av femten kilometer fra byen.”

”Vel, se på dem og si hva du mener om dem,” sa Lanser.

Hunter strakte seg etter en hylse og rev av den ytterste innpakningen, inni lå det en liten pakke ved siden av hylsen. Hunter fant fram en kniv og skar i hylsen. Kaptein Loft kikket over skulderen hans. Så luktet Hunter på snittflaten og gned fingrene sammen, og sa, ”Det er tåpelig. Det er kommersiell dynamitt. Jeg vet ikke nitroglyserinprosenten før jeg får testet den.” Han så på endestykket. ”Det har en vanlig dynamittfenghette, kvikksølvtennsats, og en lunte – på omtrent et minutt, tenker jeg.” Han slengte hylsen tilbake på bordet. ”Den er veldig billig og veldig enkel,” sa han.

Obersten så på Loft. ”Hvor mange tror du ble sluppet ned?”

”Jeg vet ikke, oberst,” sa Loft. ”Vi plukket opp rundt femti av dem, og omtrent nitti slike fallskjerner som de kom i. Av en eller annen grunn lar folk fallskjermen ligge igjen når de tar hylsene, og så er det sannsynligvis mange vi ikke har funnet ennå.”

Lanser viftet med hånden. ”Det gjør egentlig ingenting,” sa han. De kan slippe ned så mange de vil. Vi kan ikke stanse det, og vi kan ikke bruke det mot dem heller. De har ikke invadert noen.”

Loft sa opphisset, ”Vi kan ødelegge dem for alltid.”

Hunter drev og lirket kobberheten ut av toppen av en av hylsene, og Lanser sa, ”Ja – det kan vi. Har du sett på innpakningspapiret, Hunter?”

”Ikke ennå, jeg har ikke hatt tid.”

”Det er djevelsk smart laget,” sa oberst Lanser. ”Det er pakket i blått papir, slik at det er lett å se. Ta av det ytterste papiret, og vips – ” han plukket opp en liten pakke – ”her er det en sjokolade. Alle kommer til å lete etter disse. Jeg skal vedde på at våre egne soldater stjeler sjokoladen. Ungene kommer til å gå på skattejakt.”

En soldat kom inn og la en gul papirlapp foran obersten før han gikk ut igjen, og Lanser kastet et blikk på det og lo bittert. ”Her er noe til deg, Hunter. To brudd til på skinnegangen.”

Hunter så opp fra kobberheten han drev og undersøkte, og spurte, ”Er det slik andre steder? Har de sluppet ned disse overalt?”

”Nei, det er det som er så rart,” sa Lanser undrende. ”Jeg har snakket med hovedstaden. Det er bare her.”

”Hva tror du det skyldes?” spurte Hunter.

”Vel, det er ikke så lett å si. Jeg tror dette en prøve. Jeg antar at om det er vellykket her så kommer de til å bruke det overalt, og hvis det ikke er vellykket her så gidder de ikke.”

”Hva skal du gjøre?” spurte Hunter.

”Hovedstaden pålegger meg å knuse dette så grundig at de ikke prøver noe annet sted.”

Hunter sa klagende, ”Hvordan skal jeg kunne reparere fem brudd på skinnegangen? Jeg har ikke skinner nok til fem brudd akkurat nå.”

”Du får rive opp noen av de gamle sidesporene, da,” sa Lanser.

Hunter sa, ”Det blir et helvetes underlag å bygge på.”

”Det blir i hvert fall et underlag.”

Major Hunter kastet hylsen han hadde tatt fra hverandre opp i haugen med de andre, og Loft brøt in, ”Vi må stanse dette øyeblikkelig, oberst. Vi må arrestere og straffe folk som plukker opp disse tingene før de bruker dem. Vi må sette i gang så ikke disse menneskene tror vi er svake.”

Lanser smilte til ham og sa, ”Ta det med ro, kaptein. La oss se hva vi har her først, og så kan vi finne medisin mot det etterpå.”

Han tok en ny pakke fra haugen og åpnet den. Han tok en liten bit sjokolade og smakte på den og sa, ”Smart gjort, det er god sjokolade også. Jeg kan ikke motstå den selv engang. Selve skatten i skattekista.” Så tok han opp dynamitten. ”Hva tenker du om denne, Hunter?”

”Som jeg sa, veldig billig og veldig effektiv for småjobber, dynamitt med fenghetten og ettminutts lunte. Veldig bra om du vet hvordan du bruker den. Ubrukelig om du ikke vet det.”

Lanser studerte den trykte teksten på innsiden av innpakningspapiret. ”Har du lest dette?”

”Bare så vidt,” sa Hunter.

”Vel, jeg har lest det, og jeg vil at du skal høre nøye etter,” sa Lanser. Han leste fra papiret: ”Til det ubeseirete folk: Gjem dette. Ikke bli sett. Du kommer til å behøve det senere.

Det er en gave fra dine venner til deg, og fra deg til dem som har invadert landet ditt. Ikke prøv å utrette store ting med det.” Han skummet gjennom teksten. ”Her, ja, ’skinnegang i ubebodd område’. Og ’jobb om natten’. Og ’forsink kommunikasjon’. Og her, ’Instruks: Skinnegang. Plasser dynamitt under skinnen nær skjøten, og på en sville. Pakk våt jord eller snø rundt så det sitter. Når lunten er tent kan du telle langsomt til seksti før det eksploderer.”

Han så opp på Hunter og Hunter sa bare, ”Det virker.” Lanser så tilbake på papiret og skummet videre gjennom teksten. ”’Broer: svekk dem, ikke ødelegg dem.’ Og her, ’kraftledninger’, og her, ’stikkrenner’, ’lastebiler’.” Han la det blå papiret fra seg. ”Så da har vi det gående.”

Loft sa sint, ”Vi må gjøre noe! Det må finne en måte å kontrollere dette på. Hva sier hovedkvarteret?”

Lanser spisset munnen og fingrene lekte med en av hylsene. ”Jeg kunne fortalt deg på forhånd hva de sa. Jeg har ordrene. ’Sett minefeller og forgift sjokoladen.” Han ble stille et øyeblikk før han fortsatte, ”Hunter, jeg er en god, lojal mann, men det hender at jeg ønsker jeg var sivilist, en gammel skrøpelig sivilist, når jeg hører de fantastiske ideene fra ledelsen. De går alltid ut fra at de har med idioter å gjøre. Misforstå meg rett, jeg mener ikke at ledelsen er uintelligent.”

Hunter så ut som han moret seg. ”Gjør du ikke?”

Lanser sa skarpt, ”Nei, jeg gjør ikke det. Men hva er det som kommer til å skje? Én mann kommer til å plukke opp en av disse og bli blåst i stykker av minefellen. Én unge kommer til å spise sjokolade og dø av strykninforgiftning. Og så?” Han så ned på hendene sine. ”De kommer til å bruke lange staur for å dytte på pakkene, eller drar dem til seg med tau uten å røre dem. De kommer til å teste sjokoladen på katta. Satan heller, major, dette er intelligente mennesker. Dumme feller går de bare i én gang.”

Loft kremtet. ”Oberst, dette er nederlagsprat,” sa han. ”Vi må gjøre noe. Hvorfor tror obersten at de utelukkende ble sluppet ned her?”

Og Lanser sa, ”En av to grunner: Enten ble denne byen valgt ut helt tilfeldig, eller så er det kommunikasjon mellom denne byen og utenverdenen. Vi vet at noen av de unge mennene har kommet seg ut.”

Loft gjentok sløvt, ”Vi må gjøre noe, oberst.”

Nå vendte Lanser seg mot ham. ”Loft, jeg tror jeg skal anbefale deg til Generalstabten. Du vil sette i gang og løse et problem du ikke engang vet hva er. Dette er en ny type erobring. Tidligere har det alltid vært mulig å avvæpne folket og holde det i uvitenhet. Nå hører de på radioene sine og vi kan ikke stanse dem. Vi kan ikke engang finne radioene deres.”

En soldat kikket inn gjennom døråpningen. ”Corell er her for å treffe obersten.”

Lanser svarte, ”Be ham å vente.” Han fortsatte å snakke med Loft. ”De leste instruksen, de får våpen fra himmelen. Denne gangen var det dynamitt, kaptein. Om ikke lenge kan det være granater, og så gift.”

Loft sa nervøst, ”De har ikke sluppet ned gift ennå.”

”Nei, men de kommer til å gjøre det. Kan du forestille deg hva som vil skje med moralen blant våre menn, eller din egen, for den saks skyld, om folket hadde noen av de små dartpilene, du vet, sånne små som du kaster på blink med, med pilspissene dyppet i – tjå – blåsyre; tause, dødelige små piler som du ikke kunne høre før de trengte lydløst gjennom uniformen din? Eller hva om mannskapene visste at det var arsenikk i omløp? Ville du eller mannskapene da kunne spise eller drikke med god appetitt?”

Hunter spurte tørt, ”Er det du som planlegger fiendens felttog, oberst?”

”Nei, jeg forsøker bare å forutse det.”

Loft sa, ”Oberst, vi sitter her og snakker i stedet for å lete etter dynamitten. Hvis dette er organisert må vi finne ut av det og knuse det.”

”Ja,” sa Lanser, ”vi må knuse det, nådeløst, antar jeg. Ta med deg noen menn, Loft. Få Prackle til å gjøre det samme. Jeg skulle ønske vi hadde flere laveregrads offiserer. Det hjalp oss ikke akkurat at Tonder ble drept. Kunne han ikke bare holdt seg unna kvinner?”

Loft sa, ”Jeg liker ikke oppførselen til løytnant Prackle om dagen, oberst.”

”Hva driver han med?”

”Han driver ikke med noe, men han er nervøs og svartsynt.”

”Ja,” sa Lanser. ”Jeg vet det. Det er det jeg alltid har snakket om. Du vet,” sa han, ”jeg kunne ha vært generalmajor om jeg ikke hadde snakket så mye om det. Vi trente våre unge menn for seier, og du må innrømme at de er fantastiske i seier, men de vet ikke helt hvordan de skal oppføre seg i nederlag. Vi fortalte dem at de var skarpere og modigere enn andre unge menn. Det kom som et sjokk på dem å finne ut at de ikke er det aller minste modigere eller skarpere enn andre unge menn.”

Loft sa skarpt, ”Hva mener du med nederlag? Vi har da lidd noe nederlag?”

Og Lanser så kaldt opp på ham et langt øyeblikk og sa ingenting, og tilslutt begynte Loft å flakke med øynene, og sa ”Oberst.”

”Takk,” sa Lanser.

”Du krever det ikke av de andre, oberst.”

”De tenker ikke over det, så da er det ikke en fornærmelse. Når du utelater det, er det fornærmende.”

”Ja, oberst,” sa Loft.

”Sett i gang, og prøv å hold styr på Prackle. Begynn å lete. Jeg vil ikke at det skal åpnes ild uten åpenlys provokasjon, er det forstått?”

”Ja, oberst,” sa Loft, og han hilste formelt og forlot rommet.

Hunter betraktet oberst Lanser med et lite smil. ”Var du ikke litt hard med ham?”

”Jeg var nødt. Han er redd. Jeg kjenner typen. Han må disiplineres når han er redd, ellers faller han sammen. Disiplin er for ham det sympati er for andre menn. Du får komme i gang med skinnene dine. Men du kan like gjerne gå ut fra at det er i natt at det virkelig smeller.”

## Conclusion

It is in the nature of conflicts at any level that a more or less official propaganda machinery grinds into action to influence the public: to make people support the troops; or to raise awareness of and support to a foreign group or nation under threat; or to demoralise enemy troops and their home base; or strengthen the morale of one's own people in the face of the hardships, deprivations and losses that armed conflict brings; or even all of the above. The existence of a need to influence people may also affect decisions regarding what to translate when, how, and for whom. Translation never happens in a vacuum, and embedded translation – translation from within the conflict of texts that subsequently enter the conflict in order to have an impact on it – even less so. This has been illustrated in this analysis of an embedded translator's work with a text that was in a sense written to be translated, conceived and created as it was as a tool for shaping conflict environments through promoting a particular attitude in its various readers at a particular time in history. Translators deal with more than pure communication enhancement and facilitation; they may deal in other people's words, but are then also part of other people's more or less political or politicised projects. The job of the translator in the case of *The moon is down* and *Natt uten måne* has entailed sharpening the tool, customizing it for use on the intended audience. This, as we have seen, is visible on various levels of the Norwegian text – vocabulary, character drawing and style.

Translation remains potentially crucial to and may be used by all parties involved in a conflict – both by the obvious actors, like the military (and its own translators), conflict negotiators, politicians, peace activists and the news media, and the less obvious ones, like (civilian) translators and publishers. Translating for the purpose of winning hearts and minds goes beyond pamphlets and leaflets, even beyond what is clearly conflict-oriented, and beyond the institutional reaches of the politico-military establishment.

Definitions of conflict inevitably draw on definitions of power, and vice versa.[...] The supreme exercise of power involves shaping and influencing another party's desires and wants in such a way as to avert observable conflict. In its broadest meaning, conflict refers to a situation in which two or more parties seek to undermine each other because they have incompatible goals, competing interests, or fundamentally different values.<sup>73</sup>

Many scholars for this reason include translation and interpretation in what has been called “the institution of war”. Mona Baker quotes Steven Lukes from his 1974 *Power: a radical*

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<sup>73</sup> Baker, *Translation and conflict*, p 1



view – ”the most effective and insidious use of power is to prevent [...] conflict from arising in the first place” – but in the context of the Norwegian translation of *The moon is down*, this was never an option; the conflict was most certainly already there, and so power was put to use to ensure the best possible outcome. It is a case that more than most illustrate how the circumstances surrounding the translation and publication of a text are important for any evaluation and analysis of the text itself. First of all, our novel was written expressly to be translated and not primarily for a domestic audience, and it was written by an established and celebrated author who knew he would be translated if nothing else so by virtue of his already existing reputation and standing, mixed with the fact that he worked for the propaganda machinery. Also, of course, the conflict in question was so all-encompassing, and this machinery, if viewed on a supra-national scale, correspondingly great and powerful. The translator was just one of the actors in the communicative transaction that comprises the translation and distribution of *Natt uten måne* in occupied Norway, .

In our case, both source text and target text are grounded in a real-world necessity that seems to have made real-world effectiveness outrank faithfulness to the style and presentation of the original as a priority, as evidenced by the findings in this analysis. It was not primarily individual narratives that were at stake, not the *ontological narratives* that are “personal stories that we tell ourselves about our place in the world and our own personal history; they are interpersonal and social in nature but remain focused on the self and its immediate world”<sup>74</sup> but metanarratives, in Mona Baker’s term; the narratives that thoroughly define and describe one’s place in history. A war needs narrating as Good vs Evil, Freedom vs Oppression, or similar. With a common external threat to a community and its individual or group narratives, competing narratives at that level may be temporarily neutralised or relegated to the background, because the metanarrative is more important.

Translators may choose to accentuate the foreign and exotic or, conversely, to domesticate the text. It is not a clear-cut either/or, and many translations will place themselves somewhere in the middle, or employ varying degrees of both strategies in different sections of the text. The choices faced by the translator is more complex in the present case for at least two reasons. One has to do with translating into the language and culture of the book’s implied setting, the other with the war itself and the purpose of the translation. Exoticising – accentuating what is recognisably source-text cultural – was not an option here, since it would mean too great a fidelity to the elements that are detrimental to a Norwegian reader’s

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<sup>74</sup> Baker, *Translation and conflict*, p 4

identification with the text. Side effects of that is of course to potentially distort the reader's conception of the work as literature, i.e. of its place in the Steinbeck canon, its literary value, and its success in that respect, but most seriously: exoticising might have resulted in the text's potential failure to be the morale booster and – in a wider sense – valuable addition to the war effort it was intended to be. The translation under analysis here has certainly had good reasons for not deliberately aiming to exoticise.

Intending to ensure that it appeals to a Norwegian audience, the Norwegian translation of *The moon is down* has been adapted by infusing it with more “Norwegian-ness”. This is particularly visible in the use of translational remainders. These elements tap into the same strain of narrative that Steinbeck used to create his townspeople, but go even further with ideas of Norway and Norwegians that are saturated with self-sufficiency, democratic ideals, individualism, closeness to nature, peacefulness, personal independence, unbending strength in adversity and a stoic-heroic willingness to make sacrifices for personal freedom. “Every time a version of the narrative is retold or translated into another language, it is injected with elements from other, broader narratives circulating within the new setting or from the personal narratives of the retellers”<sup>75</sup>, says Mona Baker. This is very apparent in the Norwegian translation of *The moon is down*: it is made to carry more elements of a national character than was ever present in the source text, since it has a more narrowly defined audience than the source text. The translation's use of remainders appeal to a proto-Norwegian idea of country, history and national freedom from foreign rule, as has been demonstrated in chapter 1. There is also a heightened sense in the translation of the physical country guarding and enveloping its exposed population in ways that the invaders experience as menacing – the country itself is mobilising against them. This is presented in numerous more or less subtle ways, even down to banalities like the rather trite idea that only true Norwegians can appreciate true winter.

There is no doubt that the translation worked as propaganda, not least in Norway. Domesticating the translation is, I would argue, essential if the translation and distribution has a specific national aim of changing the real world of the target audience – if it is literally a matter of life and death. My analysis in chapter 2 of character drawing in the translation reveals that the portraits of both townspeople and invasion forces deviate from those of the source text in being more clearly polarized along the conflict lines. The milestones of the original storyline remain, but a selective appropriation of the source text “realities” of

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<sup>75</sup>Baker, *Translation and conflict*, p 22

occupation slants the text in such a way that nuances are sacrificed on the altar of propaganda and morale building. Deviations are typically made by choosing from within the same semantic field as the source text, but opting for solutions that make the occupation force come off less well than in the source text, and the occupied population correspondingly better. That the invader is given a less sympathetic reading means that the humanitarian aspect in Steinbeck's text is played down, and the occupation force is presented as more stereotypical and less as individual human beings. Typical wartime stereotypes of the enemy are exploited in the choices made by the translator, making the enemy "more German", i.e. methodical and unfeeling, as well as more sinister and threatening. The "Norwegian" population is made to appear stronger and more vigorous – *Natt uten måne* is definitely readable as a call to action. Judging from this, one might say that an insistence on source-text fidelity as evaluative criterion may be incompatible with the very essence of translating in conflict, since this criterion assigns an exaggerated normative importance to the source text, and in the most extreme cases, source text fidelity cannot be allowed to outrank the prospective function of the translation in the target culture.<sup>76</sup>

It is always interesting to study the extent to which one may determine differences in style between source text and target text. I identified three such consistent and recurring patterns in the language of the translation, and my intention in chapter 3 was to analyse to what extent these, too, could be read as results of this being a translation born of and in a conflict situation. What I found confirmed this – the different instances of semantic shifts; repetition where the ST had none, or vice versa; and double constructions, all seemed to conform to the overall idea of making the text even more inspirational, boosting morale, and inspiring active resistance and even sabotage in occupied Norway.

To give a 1942 audience a more strongly Norwegianized text – visible in the density of what I have termed remainders, as well as in the character drawings and in patterns of style – is in effect to introduce extra cultural filters that strengthen the already implied Norwegian setting. But some of the distortions – particularly the polarization of characters – may seem morally wrong if the novel is read out of its original context. It makes the foreign text more "culturally correct", tapping into the prevailing sentiment of its day, thus in a sense augmenting the original with an eye to the purpose of the whole transaction, something which was deemed necessary under the circumstances. For propaganda to be effective, target audiences must be able to identify with the message without too many caveats. *Natt uten måne*

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<sup>76</sup> Toury, *Descriptive translation studies*, p 25

appears in this sense as a *covert translation* in Juliane House's term: "a translation that enjoys the status of an original source text in the target culture."<sup>77</sup> At the same time, the target text also displays a number of "missed opportunities" in the sense that there are also components of text that are *not* domesticated where one might think they should have been, such as in the case of the names of characters, but also in terms of language patterns, as has been demonstrated.

I would be lying if I said the 1942 translation of Steinbeck's *The moon is down* reads beautifully and is a great translation, but it is an interesting one, placed as it is squarely at the intersection of language, culture, translation and conflict. There are two apparently mutually exclusive tendencies in Nils Lies translation. It straddles the fence between adopting Steinbeck's solutions and domesticating heavily, leaning most strongly towards the latter, and the discomfort of that position becomes apparent in contemporary reader reactions to "tone, setting, and names", which were perceived as unfamiliar amidst the otherwise recognizable scenario<sup>78</sup>. The translation remains one part over-explicitly Norwegian, which lends authenticity and thus furthers the motivational project, and one part "invisible" and defamiliarising. In addition, the text also more or less subtly undermines the original's more balanced portrait of occupant and occupied, which can possibly be justified as being done for a good cause, but which betrays a certain lack of faith in both source text and target audience. Viewed in hindsight, *Natt uten måne* might potentially have worked even better with a more consistently domesticating translation, one that allowed for an even higher quota of remainders, more "appropriate" names, and stylistic adjustments that allowed for a more natural dialogue, for instance. I have tried to address some of these issues in my re-translation in chapter 4, while also focusing more on achieving the balance that Steinbeck's text displays. As mentioned before, the luxury of not having one's life depend on it makes it easier to maintain such a focus for the translation.

It would be interesting to read similar analyses of wartime translations into other languages, as well as reader responses to them, to see what choices were made in the languages of other occupied countries, countries who might not so easily see themselves in the text, but who were nevertheless in a similar situation. Few people would argue that this is Steinbeck's masterpiece; the source text is perhaps unfulfilled as "pure" literature, but the history of its conception shows that literary masterfulness was always subservient to its potential use in the real world. Propaganda – whether as fliers and posters or masked as a

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<sup>77</sup> Juliane House, *Translation quality assessment: a model revisited* (Tübingen: Gunther Narr Verlag, 1997), p 69

<sup>78</sup> Coers, *John Steinbeck goes to war*, p 50

literary text – behaves more like advertising in that respect, i.e. in terms of the need for identification with the message and acceptability in the target culture. The same can be said about the 1942 translation of *The moon is down*.

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